THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

JULY, 1916

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

"The Breadwinners"

ALMOST thirty-five years after the writing of *The Breadwinners* comes the first edition of the book authoritatively bearing the name of John Hay as the author. In a brief introduction Clarence Leonard Hay tells of his father's reason for writing the story. In the year 1877 there occurred in several of the large cities of the United States strikes that led to riots and serious assaults on property. Cleveland was one of the cities thus visited. There was no army that could be called upon, and the State militia was inefficient. A panic prevailed in the city for days, many residents sending their families out of town to places of safety. John Hay, who was living in Cleveland at that time, felt that "a profound misfortune and disgrace had fallen upon the country." In a letter dated July 27, 1877, he wrote, "There is a mob in every city ready to join with the strikers, and get their pay in robbery, and there is no means of enforcing the law in case of a sudden attack on private property. We are not Mexicans yet—but that is about the only advantage we have over Mexico." *The Breadwinners,* the only novel John Hay ever attempted, was written in 1882. It was first published anonymously in *The Century Magazine* in 1883-84, and aroused a good deal of curious comment as to its authorship. In book form it was issued by Harper and Brothers, and went through several editions.

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The Taste of Youth

In his *Reveries Over Childhood and Youth* William Butler Yeats has told of the effect of certain books upon his young mind. When he was eight or nine years old his father read to him for the first time. One selection was *The Lays of Ancient Rome.* It first opened the boy's eyes to poetry. Later came *Ivanhoe* and *The Lay of the Last Minstrel,* and the poet records that they are still vivid in his memory. He reread *Ivanhoe* recently, but it had all vanished except Gurth, the swineherd, at the outset, and Friar Tuck and his venison pasty, the two scenes that laid hold of him in childhood. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* gave him a wish to turn magician that competed for years with the dream of being killed upon the seashore. Later, at school, young Yeats read endless stories that he had forgotten as completely as he had forgotten *Grimm's Fairy Tales* and all of Hans Andersen except the Ugly Duckling. He remembers vaguely that he liked Andersen better than Grimm because he was less homely, but even he never gave him the knights and dragons and beautiful ladies that he longed for.

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K. of K.

Among the tributes that have been paid to Lord Kitchener, none perhaps is more touching than that of O. Henry, who made Lord Kitchener, or at least a portrait of Lord Kitchener's stern and uncompromising countenance, the God in the Machine in one of his stories. That story is "An Unfinished Story," which has been called by many critics his best, and which led all others in THE BOOKMAN Symposium of two years ago. Here is O. Henry's tribute:

KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM. *FROM THE NICHOLSON PORTRAIT*

"DULCIE HAD FORGOTTEN ONE THAT WAS WATCHING HER WITH SAD, BEAUTIFUL, STERN EYES—THE ONLY ONE THERE WAS TO APPROVE OR CONDEMN WHAT SHE DID. STRAIGHT AND SLENDER AND TALL, WITH A LOOK OF SORROWFUL REPROACH ON HIS HANDSOME, MELANCHOLY FACE, GENERAL KITCHENER FIXED HIS WONDERFUL EYES ON HER." O. HENRY'S "AN UNFINISHED STORY."

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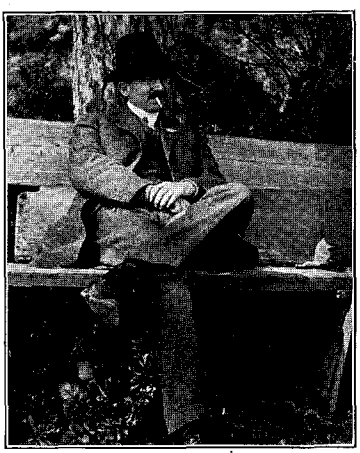

H. G. DWIGHT, AUTHOR OF "STAMBOUL NIGHTS"

While looking in her mirror she has seen fairyland and herself, a princess, just awakening from a long slumber. She had forgotten one that was watching her with sad, beautiful, stern eyes—the only one there was to approve or condemn what she did. Straight and slender and tall, with a look of sorrowful reproach on his handsome, melancholy face, General Kitchener fixed his wonderful eyes on her out of his gilt photograph frame on the dresser.

Dulcie turned like an automatic doll to the landlady.

"Tell him I can't go," she said dully. "Tell him I'm sick, or something. Tell him I'm not going out."

After the door was closed and locked, Dulcie fell upon her bed, crushing her black tip, and cried for ten minutes. General Kitchener was her only friend. He was Dulcie's ideal of a gallant knight. He looked as if he might have a secret sorrow, and his wonderful moustache was a dream, and she was a little afraid of that stern yet tender look in his eyes. She used to have little fancies that he would call at the house some time, and ask for her, with his sword clanking against his high boots. Once, when a boy was rattling a piece of chain against a lamp-post she had opened the window and looked out. But there was no use. She knew that General Kitchener was away over in Japan, leading his army against the savage Turks; and he would never step out of his gilt frame for her. Yet one look from him had vanquished Piggy that night. Yes, for that night.

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Commenting on O. Henry's tribute to Lord Kitchener which was written nine years ago, the New York *Evening Sun* on the occurrence of Lord Kitchener's death, said editorially:

Use of the living public character in fiction is not as a rule very significant. . . . Not so did O. Henry treat the hero of Khartum in one of his best-remembered pieces—"An Unfinished Story." He used him for a definite purpose. A shop girl who gets a wage of $6 a week is fighting off the very tangible temptation to supplement her earnings as some of her less particular friends are doing. . . . The choice once granted, no one questioned the fitness of Kitchener as an incarnation of the high spirit that holds its course unswerving through the discouragements, distractions and allurements of life's Vanity Fair. And in this fact we find a tribute worth recalling to-day.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, MINISTER OF THE CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, NEW YORK, AND AUTHOR OF "NEW WORLDS FOR OLD"

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"MISS O. HENRY." MISS MARGARET PORTER

Miss O. Henry

Now comes the magazine début of Miss O. Henry with the appearance of short stories by William Sydney Porter's daughter, Miss Margaret Porter. In an editorial on literary dynastics introduced by this announcement, the New York *Tribune* says:

> The daughter of the late William Sydney Porter is making her début in the magazines under the pen name of "Miss O. Henry." Why not? She is as much entitled to the advantage which the fame of her father's pseudonym undoubtedly gives her in her literary beginnings as she would be if he had written under his own name, and thus had bestowed its prestige upon her automatically, so to speak. Succession to a famous parent in his chosen field of work is both an aid and a handicap—an aid in that the beginner arouses curiosity and interest; a handicap because sooner or later, it compels comparison, however unjust this may be.

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JEAN WEBSTER, MRS. GLENN FORD MC KINNEY, THE AUTHOR OF "DADDY LONG LEGS," "DEAR ENEMY" AND OTHER VERY POPULAR BOOKS, DIED ON JUNE 11 LAST

H. C. Bunner

To the new edition of the works of the late Henry Cuyler Bunner Mr. Brander Matthews contributes an introductory note. Professor Matthews regards Bunner's prose as the prose of a poet, pure and pellucid; his style had both clarity and colour. He became a master of the art of the short story, finding his profit in the loving study of Boccaccio and Maupassant. Even those of his longer tales which stretch out almost to the dimensions of a novel, were really only short stories writ large; they had the unity, the swiftness, the singleness of purpose which is the distinguishing characteristic of this form of fiction, but while Bunner had sat at the feet of the European masters of fiction to spy out the secrets of the craft, his own subjects were chosen almost without exception from the life of his own country. No selection from the masterpieces of the

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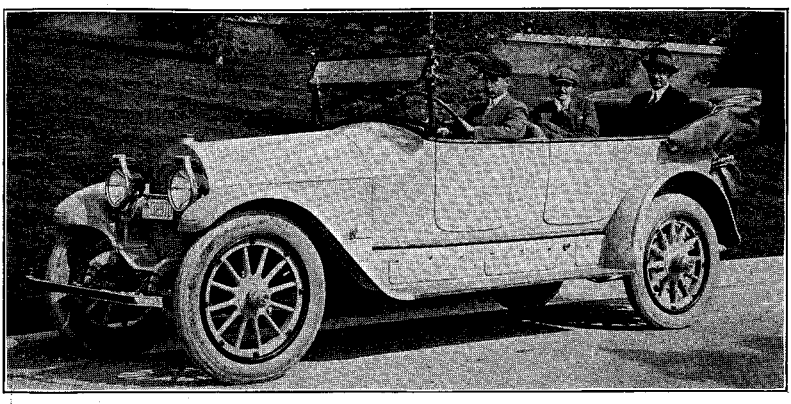

THOMAS DIXON, WHOSE "THE FALL OF A NATION" ILLUSTRATES WHAT HE BELIEVES TO BE AMERICA'S DANGER, AND THOMAS DIXON, JR., IN LOS ANGELES

American short story would be justified, Professor Matthews states, that was not enriched by at least one example of Bunner's art, at once firm and delicate. It would matter little whether the choice fell on "Zadoc Pine" or on "Love in Old Cloaths," or on "As One Having Authority." Each of these tales has its own charm and its own fragrance; all of them are models of story-telling; and any one of them can withstand comparison in its own fashion, with the best in this form of fiction, with any example selected from Hawthorne or Poe, Bret Harte or Cable.

EMILY POST, AUTHOR OF "BY MOTOR TO THE GOLDEN GATE," IN HER LIBRARY AT TUXEDO

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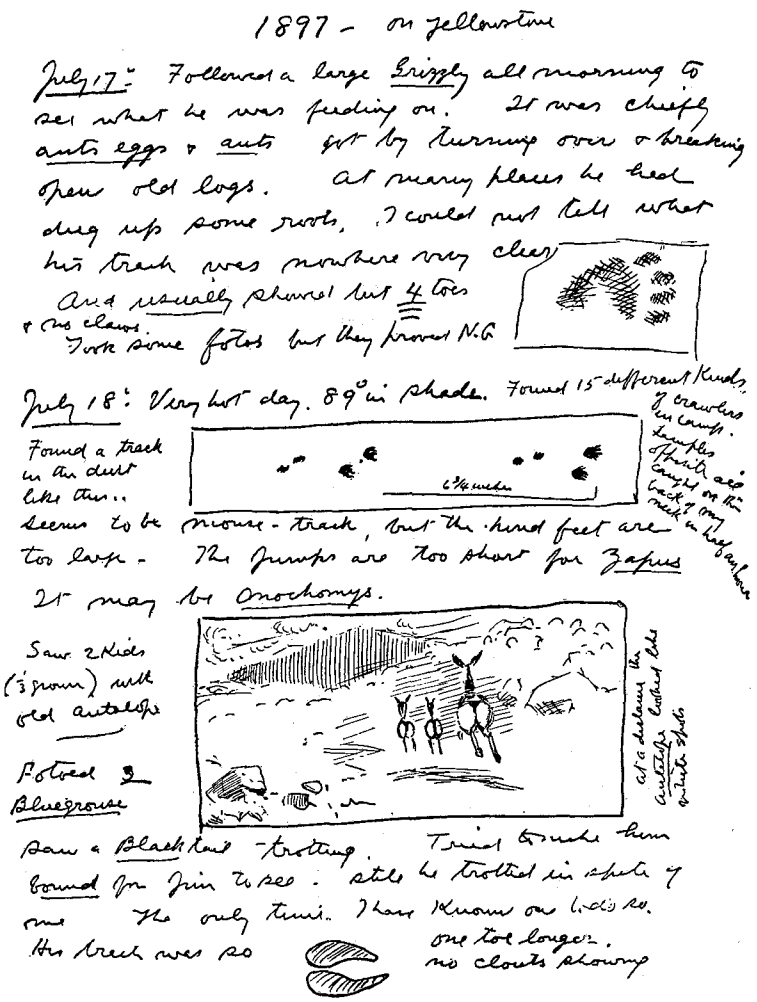
More War Books

Again we have been reading a number of books of American authorship relating personal experiences of the Great War. Again we are moved to the expression of a very genuine admiration. It does not seem to matter whether the author be the trained writer of many years, or the merest neophyte, the chances are ten to one that his book will be found interesting and worth while. For example there is James Norman Hall's *Kitchener's Mob*. Mr. Hall, a young man in his early twenties, recently graduated from a Western university, was bicycling through Wales when he heard the news of the German invasion of Belgium. He proceeded to London and, moved by a spirit of adventure, enlisted in that army which was then known as "Kitchener's Mob." Of



A PAGE FROM THE JOURNAL OF ERNEST THOMPSON SETON. MR. SETON'S LATEST BOOK IS "WILD ANIMAL WAYS"

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JAMES NORMAN HALL, AUTHOR OF "KITCHENER'S MOB." MR. HALL, AN IOWAN, A GRINNELL COLLEGE MAN, WAS BICYLING IN WALES WHEN THE WAR BROKE OUT

his experiences in the training camp and later at the front he writes with great simplicity and directness. The Tommy Atkins that he saw in the making was not the Beefeater marching to the Bank or the mounted guardsman at the gates of Whitehall familiar to American visitors to London in the past. He was very raw material and time and hard work were needed to whip him into shape. Mr. Hall grew to like him and to esteem him, but he never could quite reach an understanding of the impassable gulf in the British service between officers and men. Once he confided to a comrade he would like to chat with one of the officers for a few minutes on terms of easy equality. "Why, they could 'ang you for that!" was the reply. In active service at the front the relations were closer. But even there the book gives the impression that too many of the soldiers were little more than officers' servants.

Mr. Wythe Williams was the Paris correspondent of the New York *Times* at the outbreak of the war. In the ensuing months he saw much, and what he saw he has told vividly in *Passed by the Censor*. It is hard to resist the temptation to quote freely from Mr. Williams's book. But we shall confine ourselves to indications here and there. For instance we recall no other source from which has come the statement that the German plan was to blow up Paris section by section until the French were forced to capitulate. For Ambassador Herrick Mr. Williams has an unbounded admiration, believing that history will place his name beside the names of Franklin and Jefferson as American representatives at the French capital. There are many interesting glimpses of General Joffre. At the beginning of the war an American newcomer in Paris asked Mr. Williams for information about the Commander-in-Chief. Mr. Williams told him what everybody knew, which was almost nothing. Before the war he lived quietly in a little villa in a Paris suburb, and next to his love for his family, the things he regarded as best in all the world were peace and fishing. Even the great conflict has not been able to cure him of his fondness for the latter diversion. "Recently," says Mr. Williams, "it was learned that he commandeered a barge on one of the rivers near the battle line —and there he sometimes sits and quietly fishes while thinking out new army plans. His only other recreation at the front is reading at night before going to bed from his favourite authors, Balzac, Dumas, and Charles Dickens. Joffre understands English and reads it but will not speak it." There are those who already speculate on the great show that Paris will have when the war is over—the Grand Army of France headed by Father Joffre marching under the Arch of Triumph and down the Champ Elysées—while the applauding world looks on. But Mr. Williams is sceptical. His private opinion is that once peace is declared, Father Joffre

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may turn his back upon Paris and go fishing.

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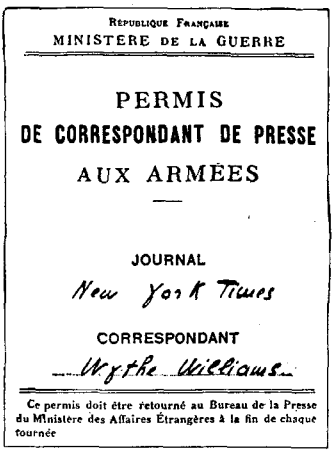
Another story that Mr. Williams tells us is of his visit to General Foch, "the man who sent the famous message to General Joffre at the critical moment of the battle of the Marne that inasmuch as his left was crushed and his right thrown back, he proposed to attack with his centre—the man who later stemmed the German tide at the Yser, and saved Calais and the Channel ports." On a table in the little reception hall of the General's office Mr. Williams saw a book. It was a French translation of Kipling's *Jungle Book,* and the General's name was written on the first page. Perhaps as inspiring as any chapter in the book is that which Mr. Williams calls "When Chenal sings the Marseillaise." He went to the Opéra Comique one day to hear Marthe Chenal's rendition of the national anthem. He records that he never wants to go again, for he would be keyed to such expectancy that he might be disappointed. He pictures the orchestra playing the opening bars, the vast audience rising, the wounded leaning heavily against the rail, the glistening eyes of the officers in the boxes. Then with the words "Allons, enfants de la Patrie" Chenal swept down to the footlights, the words of the song sweeping over the audience like a bugle call. The singer, who has often been called the most beautiful woman in Paris,



RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE
MINISTÈRE DE LA GUERRE

PERMIS
DE CORRESPONDANT DE PRESSE
AUX ARMÉES

JOURNAL
New York Times

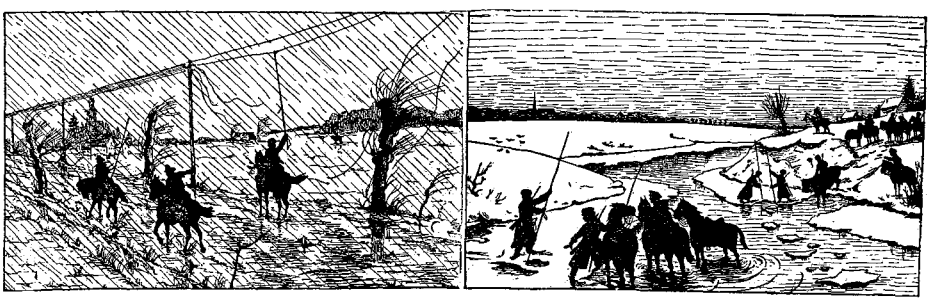
CORRESPONDANT
Wythe Williams

Ce permis doit être retourné au Bureau de la Presse du Ministère des Affaires Étrangères à la fin de chaque tournée

MR. WYTHE WILLIAMS'S PASS

wore a white silk gown and a large black Alsatian head-dress in one corner of which was a small tri-coloured cockade. With the next line she threw her arms apart drawing out the folds of the gown into the tri-colour. With the "March on, march on" of the chorus, her voice rose high over the full orchestra, and even above her voice could be sensed the surging emotions of the audience that seem to sweep over the house in waves.

I looked up at the row of wounded. One man held his bandaged head between his hands and was crying. An officer in a box, wearing the gorgeous uniform of the headquarters staff, held a handkerchief over his eyes. Through the second verse the audi-



WAR SILHOUETTES DRAWN BY RUSSIAN OFFICERS. FROM "LES ANNALES" OF PARIS

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COSMO HAMILTON, AUTHOR OF "THE SINS OF THE CHILDREN," IN THE UNIFORM OF AN OFFICER OF THE ROYAL NAVAL AIR SCOUTS

ence alternately cheered and stamped their feet and wept. Then came the wonderful "Amour sacré de la patrie"—sacred love of home and country—verse. The crashing of the orchestra ceased, dying away almost to a whisper. Chenal drew the folds of the tri-colour cloak about her. Then she bent her head and, drawing the flag to her lips, kissed it reverently. The first words came like a sob from her soul. From then until the end of the verse, when her voice again rang out over the renewed efforts of the orchestra, one seemed to live through all the glorious history of France. At the very end, when Chenal drew a short jewelled sword from the folds of her gown and stood, silent and superb, with the folds of the flag draped about her, while the curtain rang slowly down, she seemed to typify both Empire and Republic throughout all time. All the best of the past seemed concentrated there as that glorious woman, with head raised high, looked into the future.

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Last year we were discussing Richard Harding Davis's *With the Allies.* Another book dealing with his experiences at the various fronts is *With the French in France and Salonika,* the last book of any kind that he was destined to write. Last autumn Mr. Davis crossed the Atlantic from New York to Bordeaux by the *Chicago* of the French Line. When the ship entered the war zone the passengers, who had been thoroughly rehearsed in what to do in the event of "accident," began to see periscopes. A sail appeared upon the horizon. A very young Frenchman ran to the bridge and called to the officers: "Gentlemen, will you please tell me what boat it is that I see?" Had he asked the same question of an American captain while that officer was on the bridge, comments Mr. Davis, the captain would have turned his back. An English captain would have put him in irons. But the French captain called down to him: "She is pilot boat number 28. The pilot's name is Jean Baptiste. He has a wife and four children in Bordeaux, and others in Brest and Havre. He is fifty years old and has a red nose and a wart on his chin. Is there anything else you would like to know?"

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Then Mr. Davis saw the enemy. The *Chicago,* winding up the river, had passed the vineyards and the châteaux and had reached the outskirts of the city. Here the banks are closer together, so close that one can almost hail those on shore; but there was a heavy

JOHN MORSE, AUTHOR OF "IN THE RUSSIAN RANKS"

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rain and the mist laid thick. When the traveller saw a man in a black overcoat with the brass buttons wider apart across the chest than at the belt line, he thought it was a trick of the mist. Because the uniform that, by a nice adjustment of buttons tries to broaden the shoulders and decrease the waist, is not being worn much in France, not if a French sharpshooter sees it first. But the man in the overcoat was not carrying a rifle on his shoulder. He was carrying a bag of cement, and from the hull of the barge others appeared, each with a bag upon his shoulder. There was no mistaking them. Nor their little round caps, high boots, and field uniforms of grey-green. In other words, the first persons on shore to be seen by the passengers on the *Chicago* after leaving

THE RUE DU BOURG, DOULLENS. FROM WALTER HALE'S "BY MOTOR TO THE FIRING LINE"

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GOMEZ CARILLO, A SPANISH WAR CORRESPONDENT, WHOSE BOOK "AMONG THE RUINS" DEALS WITH GERMAN DESTRUCTION IN FRANCE

New York Harbour were not French people, but German soldier prisoners.

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One evening in Salonika Mr. Davis and some other American correspondents dined at the French officers' mess. There were twenty men around the dinner table, seated on ammunition boxes and Standard Oil cans. They were waited upon by an enormous negro from Senegal with a fez as tall as a giant firecracker. Some of the officers laughed when he served the soup in a tin basin used for washing dishes, and his feelings were hurt. It was explained that "Chocolat" in his own country was a prince, and that unless treated with tact he might get the idea that waiting on a table was not a royal prerogative. Next to Mr. Davis was a young man who had been talking learnedly of dum-dum bullets and Parisian restaurants. They asked him to recite. "Until that moment he had been a serious young officer, talking boulevard French. In an instant he was transformed. He was a clown, to look at him was to laugh, he was an old roué, senile, pitiable, a bourgeois, an apache, a lover, and his voice was so beautiful that each sentence sang. He used words so difficult that to avoid them even Frenchmen will cross the street. He mastered them, played with them, caressed them, sipped of them as a connoisseur sips Madeira; he tossed them in the air like radiant bubbles or flung them at us with the rattle of a mitrailleuse. When in triumph he sat down, I asked him, when not in uniform, who the devil he happened to be. Again he was the bored young man. In a low tone, so as not to expose my ignorance to others, he said, 'I? I am Barrielles of the Théâtre Odeon.' "

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Frank H. Simonds calls his little book dealing with his visit to the Verdun front *They Shall Not Pass!,* taking his title from the cry that raised the living wall against the invader. In a short time Mr. Simonds saw much and of what he saw he has written vividly. But by far the most impressive of all the pictures that he presents is the one which illustrates the terrible price that has been paid by the youth of France. Along a road two columns were moving

FRANK M. SIMONDS, WHO, IN "THEY SHALL NOT PASS," TELLS OF WHAT HE SAW AT THE VERDUN FRONT

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in opposite directions. One was made up of the men who were leaving the trenches for a rest, the men who for the recent days had held the first lines. They were smiling as they marched, but they seemed more like miners coming from the depths of the earth than soldiers returning from a battle. But it was the line on the other side of the road that held the eye. There were the troops that were going toward the fire, toward the trenches, that were marching to the sound of the guns, and as one saw them the artillery rumble took on a new distinctness. Platoon after platoon, company after company, whole regiments in columns of fours, they passed. "And seeing the faces brought an instant shock; they all wore the same calm, steady, slightly weary expression, but there was in the whole line scarcely a young man. Here were the men of the thirties, not of the twenties; men still in the prime of strength, of health, but the fathers of families, the men of full manhood. Almost in a flash the fact came home. This was what all the graves along the road had meant. This was what the battle field and the glories of the twenty months had spelled. France had sent her youth and it was spent; she was sending her manhood now."

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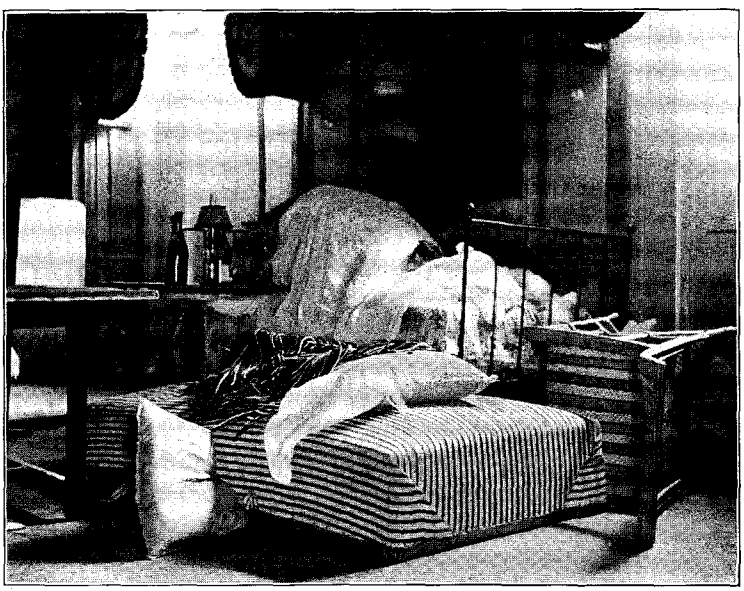
Frances Wilson Huard, the author of *My Home in the Field of Honour,* is the wife of the French painter, Charles Huard, and a daughter of the American actor, Francis Wilson. The third week in July, 1914, the Huards were entertaining a number of friends at the Château de Villiers, their summer home near the Marne, about sixty miles from Paris. Among these friends were May Wilson Preston, the artist; Mrs. Chase, the editor of a woman's magazine, and Hugues Delorme, the French dramatist. Nothing could have been farther from the thoughts of the party than the idea of war. The unexpected appearance of some grey-haired territorials was attributed to preparation for the great



WHERE KULTUR HAD PASSED. A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY MADAME HUARD OF ONE OF THE ROOMS IN THE CHÂTEAU DE VILLIERS WHEN SHE RETURNED TO IT IN SEPTEMBER, 1914, AFTER THE GERMAN RETREAT FROM THE MARNE

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manœuvres. Then on July 28th Madame Huard visited Paris and met the editor of the *Gil Blas*. By him she was told that war would be declared the following Saturday. She regarded the information in the light of a joke, and when later, somewhat convinced, she told the news to friends with whom she had an engagement it was considered by them as an excuse. Then came the eventful August 1st. The German

EDWARD MORLAE, A NATIVE OF CALIFORNIA, WHO THREW HIS LOT IN WITH THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION

tide rolled on engulfing the Château de Villiers. Then the battle of the Marne and it rolled back again, the French seventy-fives barking in pursuit, and Madame Huard after weeks of absence was able to find her home. But what a home! The Château had been occupied by General von Kluck and his staff. Madame Huard's account of what she found is not pleasant reading, especially the story of the desecrated Stars and Stripes in which she had left her love letters, imagining that they would serve as a protection. In no uncertain words does Madame Huard pay her tribute to "Kultur."

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So far the war has produced no more striking document than Edward Morlae's *A Soldier of the Legion,* which originally appeared in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly,* and which is now issued in book form by the Houghton Mifflin Company. Sergeant Morlae, according to a preface written by Ellery Sedgwick, the editor of the *Atlantic,* is a Dick Hatteraick of a man to look at, and the education of that beloved pirate was no more rugged than his own. His father was a Frenchman born who had seen service in 1870 and won a captain's commission in the "Terrible Year." After the war, Morlae, senior, settled in this country and his son was born in California. When young Morlae grew up he sought service in the Philippines and engaged in more than one civilian "scrap" in Mexico. It was good training. On the morning of August 3, 1914, he packed his grip and started for Paris to enlist in the foreign legion. Since he had already seen service he was soon made a corporal and later a sergeant. Morlae, says a letter from a Harvard graduate who served under him, was "an excellent soldier," "a strong, efficient, ambitious man," though he was neither sentimental in his methods nor supersensitive with his men.

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Since Ouida wrote *Under Two Flags* English and American readers have had a superficial knowledge of the Foreign Legion and its men. The Legion as Mr. Morlae presents it is quite as picturesque, as formidable, as courageous, and as disreputable as was the Legion of Miss de la Ramée's story. It is made up, says Mr. Morlae, of adventurers or criminals, of fugitives from justice. Some of them are drunkards, some thieves, and some with the mark of pain upon them find others to keep them company. In Mr. Morlae's section were men of all races and all nationalities, Russians and Turks, an Annamite and a Hindu, a German, Bulgars, Serbs, Greeks, negroes, an Italian who had been a professional bicycle thief, a Fiji Islander fresh from an Oxford education,—a silent man of whom it was whispered that he had once been an

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Archbishop,—three Arabians, and a handful of Americans who cared little for the quiet life. One Frenchman who was a particularly good type of soldier had absconded from Paris with his employer's money and had found life in the Legion necessary to his comfort. Then there were the Russian prince of doubtful antecedents and the Paris Apache. The Americans were a different type, but even they were not of all one stripe. One had been in a newspaper office, another a lawyer, another a poet, a fourth, a burly negro, a professional pugilist. In this company a soldier could count on his comrade risking his life to save him, but he could also be sure that that comrade would take the first opportunity to pick his pocket.

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In the advance of last September these men went into hell. A first German trench was taken, then a second, and the Legion was half way to a third. All at once came a change. The German artillery in front ceased firing. In the trench ahead the German troops in black masses were pouring and advancing at a trot. Was it a counter attack? "Tant mieux," said one man; "We'll show them," said another. Then the French artillery ceased firing and the mystery became plain. The Germans were approaching in columns of four, officers to the front, hands held in the air, and, as they drew closer, could be heard the steady cry, "Kameraden! Kameradin!"

They were surrendering. How we went at our work! Out flew our knives, and in less time than it takes to tell it, we had mingled among the prisoners, slicing off their trousers buttons, cutting off suspenders, and hacking through belts. All the war shoes had their laces cut, according to the regulations laid down in the last French "Manual," and thus, slopping along, hands helplessly in their breeches pockets to keep their trousers from falling around their ankles, shuffling their feet to keep their boots on, the huge column of prisoners was sent to the rear with a few soldiers to direct rather than to guard them. There was no fight left in them now. A terror-stricken group; some of them, temporarily at least, half insane.

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In the early days of the war there came from many sources stories to the effect that the Germans were at best mediocre soldiers, fighting unwillingly and under compulsion, and, above all, flinching from the bayonet. That impression has been very thoroughly eradi-

BOYD CABLE, AUTHOR OF "BETWEEN THE LINES"

cated. It may persist somewhere; but not in the minds of the British or French soldier who has seen service at the front. According to Mr. Williams the term "Boche" applied to the enemy, is used very little by the defenders of the Republic in the trenches. These men, officers and privates, are perfectly candid in their recognition of the German soldier's strength and courage. The Tommy Atkins of Mr. Hall's *Kitchener's Mob* sums up the situation: "If Fritzie is so poor, why ain't we fighting along the Rhine or the Danube instead of where we are?" Respect for the foe as "a first class fighting man" is what the war has taught battling Briton and Gaul, and unquestionably, Hans, in the trenches opposite, often shakes his head

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when he recalls the tales he once believed of the inefficiency and cowardice of Tommy and Jean. But this new respect does not imply any abatement of those little exchanges of wit designed to irritate. Mr. Boyd Cable, in *Between the Lines,* has a very graphic chapter entitled "A Hymn of Hate." The Tower Bridge Rifles, mostly London Cockney, flings epithets in the direction of the German trenches forty yards away. The reply culminates in the singing of the "Hymn of Hate," first in German, and then in English. But instead of aggravating it is welcomed with delight and adopted by the Rifles. No wonder a visiting French staff officer is astonished to hear this regiment, English to the backbone, marching to the roar of:

Ite of the 'eart and ite of the 'and
Ite by water and ite by land;
Oo do we ite to beat the band?
England!

DIVERSIONS OF THE RE-ECHO CLUB

BY CAROLYN WELLS

THE Re-Echo Club held a meeting in their pleasant club rooms at No. 4, Poetic Mews, and a mild discussion arose concerning the merits of the classic poem called "Tipperary." The President of the club opined that it was a long, long way from being poetry, but others demurred at this, and some held that it had a lyrical heart-interest that was just too sweet for anything. However, all agreed that the mechanism of the theme could be furbished up a bit, and each was willing to have a stab at it.

It is with pleasure we are able to present our readers with the refurbished versions.

BY MR. A. SWINBURNE

Deep eyes, with long, lush lashes curling;
  Fair neck, like an ivory tower;
White teeth, through the scarlet lips pearling
  Like foam on a fire-flaming flower;
On a high head held proud as a heron
  Red ringlets all riotous curl;
Oh, slim, slender Siren of Erin,
  My Tip'rary Girl.

Oh, colleen of all colleens sweetest,
  Why art thou so far, far away?
Though my feet flee of all feet the fleetest,
  To reach thee takes many a day.
For thee I desert Piccadilly,
  For thee, Leicester Square I give o'er;
My lithe, lissome lass,—my love-lily,
  Mavourneen, asthore!

BY MR. R. L. STEVENSON

The Irish Girl, all red and white,
  I love with all my heart;
She kisses me with all her might,
  I hate from her to part.

She wanders waiting, here and there,
  And so, I cannot stay,
But gladly fly from Leicester Square
  Out Tipperary way.

BY MR. R. KIPLING

In the town of Tipperary,
  Lookin' pretty as can be,
There's an Irish girl a-settin'
  And I'm 'fraid she's mad at me;
For I seem to hear her calling
  And I seem to hear her say:
"Come you back, you British soldier,
  Come back Tipperary way!"

So, of course, I cannot stay,
  I must fly right off to-day,
It's a long, long way to travel, and I must be on my way.
  From Leicester Square I fly,
  Piccadilly, too, good-bye!
For if I should fail to show up, I don't know what she would say!

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BY MR. G. CHAUCER

A mayde ther ben, that fairer was to sene
Thanne is the lilye on his stalké grene.
Hir heer was rede and broyded in a tresse
Bihynde hir bak, a yerdé long, I gesse.
And shee was sweete! So sweete, that wit ye wel
Allas, I ne have no langage to telle.
For hir, I wold aventure daye by daye
To Tipperaraye, leag on leag away.
To Pikadyllaye I bid fond farewel,
Ne more in Leicystre Squére wold I to dwel.
To hir I renne, with swifté fleeynge fete,
Myn herte I hir biquethe, my quene so sweete!

BY MR. R. BROWNING

Is Tipperary far? Egregious sir!
That same justificative query might
Be put to twenty clericates! Gadzooks!
Far! *far!* Ods bodikins! 'Tis far and far—
A long, long way,—add a long way to that,—
And all too short the scanty span you splash!
Elaphion of the Persic dance might frisk
Across the beggar world. Tut! Such another,—boh!
Girl-golding slip of beauty! Love's own lure,—
(The quintessential sweetness of the thought!)
Glut, Piccadilly, on my gulped good-bye!
And, Leicester Square, fondle my flung farewell!
While I, well willing, wend a winning way
To Tipperary,—there's my waiting heart!

BY MR. O. WILDE

Oh, but the maid was fair to see,
(Shamrock and peat and a bunch of snakes!)
Sweet as pale honey of the bee,
In Tipperary town dwelt she,
(And I wail and I whoo with aches!)

The way is long and long to fare,
(Och hone, potatoes and peat!)
Boo! Piccadilly and Leicester Square!
Where is my heart? Oh, yes, right there!
(Whurroo! but the girl is sweet!)

BY MR. D. G. ROSSETTI

That Blessed Irish Girl leaned out
From her father's bar in Erin;
Her eyes were greener than the bit
Of shamrock she was wearin'.
She had three suitors for her hand,
But little she was carin'!

The way to Tipperary's long,
But I have got the fare;
To Piccadilly I've said 'By,
Farewell to Leicester Square.
I'm headed Tipperary way,
I'm off! (My heart's right there!)

BY MISS A. A. PROCTER

Seated one day at the station,
Till my train should come in sight,
I spied an Irish colleen
Like a vision of pure delight.

She wasn't from Piccadilly,
She wasn't from Leicester Square;
But wherever she may have hailed from
I know that my heart's right there!

I have sought, but I seek her vainly,
That red-haired lass divine,
Who came from the train at the junction
And entered into mine.

She may have been some bright angel
Beyond all earthly ken;
And it may be in Tipperary
I shall see that girl again!

BY MR. O. KHAYYAM

When you and I beyond the veil have passed,
A long, long time, the long, long way shall last;
Which of our coming and departure heeds
As Milo's self should heed a plaster cast.

Strange, is it not, that of the myriads who
Before us went a long, long way to woo,
Not one returns to tell us of the road,
Which to trip up on, we must travel too.

Ah, Love, could you and I conspire and dare
To grasp this sorry scheme of things that are,
Would we not shatter Tipperary, then
Rebuild it nearer, say, to Leicester Square?

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BY LORD A. TENNYSON

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
  Of me you shall not win renown;
I love a little Irish girl
  Who lives in Tipperary town.
Where'er she be's the place for me,
  Though it's a long, long way to go;
Kind hearts are more than Leicester Square,
  And simple joy than Norman's woe.

BY MR. J. W. RILEY

There, little girl, don't cry!
  For I have got leave to go;
Though they all do say
It's a long, long way
  To the sweetest girl I know.
But I've bid London Town good-bye,
There, little girl, don't cry, don't cry!

BY MR. A. DOBSON

It's a long, long way
  To Tipperary;
Yes, as they say,
It's a long, long way.
I'll start to-day,
  My Irish fairy!

It's a long, long way
  To Tipperary.

BY MR. E. A. POE

Once upon a midnight dreary, I was very
  tired and weary,
On account of social circles going on the
  night before;
I was sleeping soundly, very, when there
  came an airy fairy
Straight from county Tipperary, tapping at
  my chamber door.
"'Tis *some* vision!" then I muttered; tap-
  ping at my chamber door.
    So it was, and nothing more.

Now, my footsteps, never slowing, still are
  going, still are going,
That long way to Tipperary, to the sweetest
  girl I know;
I've no use for Piccadilly; Leicester Square
  to me seems silly;
And I hasten, willy-nilly (it's a long, long
  way to go!)
To that rare and radiant maiden, but I want
  to be her beau,—
    And I've *got* to tell her so!

THE UNCOLLECTED POEMS OF H. C. BUNNER*

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

THE late H. C. Bunner published two volumes of poetry, *Airs from Arcady* and *Rowen: Second-Crop Songs*. But only a small proportion of his verse, comic and serious, is contained in these two little books. He was always modest in discussing his own work, in prose or in verse, yet he was ambitious also; and when he came to choose out those of his writings which he was willing to reprint in book form, he held up a high standard for himself. When his first volume of short stories, *In Partnership*, was ready for the printer he became dissatisfied with one of his stories, and he withdrew it, writing in its stead the vigourous and pathetic tale called "A Letter and a Paragraph." There is also a long serial story, contributed to a weekly paper, which he refused always to reprint as a book, although it was an absorbingly dramatic narrative. In selecting from his own verse he was even more particular. Perhaps this was due to the fact that he was widely known as the editor of *Puck*, and that if he had reprinted all of even the best of his humourous verse he would have been accepted only as a comic poet. He was unwilling to have the graceful and imaginative lyrics which give distinction to *Airs from Arcady* and *Rowen*

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swamped by an undue proportion of his lighter verse. In neither of these volumes did he include any of his more broadly comic pieces—like this sonnet, for example, in which the reader is left in doubt as to what manner of vessel it is the poet is addressing:

TO A SCHOONER

O Brave and Beautiful! the purling foam
Curls clinging with caressing touch around
Thy curves symmetrical. My heart doth bound
At sight of thee—'neath native heavens' dome,
Or far abroad, where venturous Teutons roam.
Moist thy smooth sides as swiftly, without sound,
Across the Bar thou passest, brimmed and crowned
With thy rich freight, dearer than musty tome
To student's heart; sweet as the honey-comb.
Not wondrous caverns underneath the ground,
Dark treasure-caves of subterranean gnome,
Yield fairer boon than in thee I have found—
Peace! O, my blissful spirit's cherished home,
In yon dark flood lies Care forever drowned!

A pleasant flavour of the classics lingers about the lines in which the poet set down his dissatisfaction with

ATLANTIC CITY

O City that is not a city, unworthy the prefix Atlantic,
Forlornest of watering-places, and thoroughly Philadelphian!
In thy despite I sing, with a bitter and deep detestation—
A detestation born of a direful and dinnerless evening,
Spent in thy precincts unhallowed—an evening I trust may recur not.
Never till then did I know what was meant by the word god-forsaken:
Thou its betokening hast taught me, being the chiefest example.
Thou art the scorned of the gods: thy sand from their sandals is shaken;
Thee have they left in their wrath to thy uninteresting extensiveness,
Barren and bleak and big; a wild aggregation of barracks,
Miscalled hotels, and of dovecotes denominate cottages;
A confusion of ugly girls, of sand, and of health-bearing breezes,
With one unending plank-walk for a true Philadelphia "attraction."
City ambitiously named, why, with inducements delusive,
Is the un-Philadelphian stranger lured to thy desert pretentious?
'Tis not alone that thy avenues, broad and unpaved and unending,
Re-echo yet with the obsolete music of "Pinafore,"
Whistled in various keys by the rather too numerous negro;
'Tis not alone that Propriety—Propriety too Philadelphian—
Over thee stretches an ægis of wholly superfluous virtue;
That thou art utterly good; hast no single vice to redeem thee;
'Tis not alone that thou art provincial in all things, and petty;
And that the dulness of death is gay, compared to thy dulness—
'Tis not alone for these things that my curse is to rest upon thee:
But for a sin that crowns thee with perfect and eminent badness;
Sets thee alone in thy shame, the unworthiest town on the sea-coast:
THIS: that thou dinest at Noon, and then in a manner barbarian,
Soupless and wineless and coffeeless, untimely and wholly indecent—
As is the custom, I learn, in Philadelphia proper.
I rose and I fled from thy Supper; I said: "I will get me a Dinner!"
Vainly I wandered thy streets: thy eating-places ungodly
Knew not the holiness of Dinner; in all that evening I dined not;
But in a strange low lair, infested of native mechanics,
BOLTED a fried beef-steak for the physical need of my stomach.

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And for them that have fried that steak, in Aïdes' lowest back-kitchen
May they eternally broil, by way of a warning to others.
During my wanderings, I met, and hailed with delight one Italian,
A man with a name from "Pasquale"—the chap sung by Tagliapietra—
He knew what it was to dine; he comprehended my yearnings;
But the spell was also on him; the somnolent spell Philadelphian;
And his hostelry would not be open till Saturday next; and I cursed him.
Now this is not *too* much to ask, God knows, that a mortal should want a
Pint of Bordeaux to his dinner, and a small cigarette for a climax:
But, these things being denied him, where then is your Civilisation?
O Coney Island! of old I have reviled and blasphemed thee,
For that thou dowsest thy glim at an hour that is unmetropolitan;
That thy frequenters' feet turn townwards ere striketh eleven,
When the returning cars are filled with young men and maidens,
Most of the maidens asleep on the young men's cindery shoulders—
Yea, but I spake as a fool, insensate, disgruntled, ungrateful:
Thee will I worship henceforth in appreciative humility:
Luxurious and splendid and urban, glorious and gaslit and gracious,
Gathering from every land thy gay and ephemeral tenantry,
From the Greek who hails thee: "Thalatta!" to the rustic who murmurs "My Golly!"
From the Bowery youth who requests his sweetheart to "look at them billers!"
To the Gaul whom thy laughing waves almost persuade to immersion:
O Coney Island, thou art the weary citizen's heaven—
A heaven to dine, not die in, joyful and restful and clamful,
Better one hour of thee than an age of Atlantic City!

And the same flavour, more pronounced, is discoverable also in the daring rhymes of

CLASSIC JOURNALISM

The beautiful garland of justice awaits
The eminent poet and general, Socrates.
KROPHUTIKOS GRAPHIKOS.
5th Century, B.C.

A great thing was journalism in Greece,
When that nation was foremost in war and in peace.
I was long on the staff of the Athens *Courier,*
And the style the boys ran the machine you shall hear.
The boss paper it was the South-Spartan *Tribune,*
Which was owned by a man of the name of Laocoon;
And had a grand building, where down the two sides
Ran two rows of extra-sized Caryatides.
'Twas a very fine sheet, with a half-page of locals,
Done up in neat style by J. Themistocles.
At the top of its columns, its letter heads, bills,
It flaunted the name of its founder, Achilles.
'Twas so high-toned, the boys used to say its chief writer
Was nobody less than Olympian Jupiter.
The staff boasted ladies galore, Hermione
Ran the fashion column entirely alone.
Cybele did the Art notes; the critical flail
Was skilfully wielded by Mrs. Omphale.
But the Bœotian *Herald* beat this a long sight,
By engaging on glorious terms Aphrodite.
And the *Herald* had Hero, who later demeaned her-
Self by receiving the visits of Leander.
The East-Acarnanian *Times* made its gains
By the aid and assistance of Aristophanes.
When the Greeks sent their troops against Troy's forces meagre,
The *Times* dispatched war-correspondent Meleager.
Then there was the Attican *World,* that shocked Greece,
By opening its columns to Trojan Æneas;
But its editor well knew his sheet how to carry on;
Had a competent musical critic in Arion;
And knowing public fancy a feuilleton tickles,
He secured for that duty the well known Pericles.
The proprietor, he was a fellow of means,

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Senior partner of Apollo and Diogenes.
Ah, those were great times, but they're all
long gone by,
Like the days when I used to be sweet on
Clytie;
And Greek journalism has vanished beneath
The silent, oblivious waters of Lethe.

This had been suggested by the couplet quoted from Mr. W. A. Croffut, who was then contributing to the now departed *Daily Graphic*. Another copy of verses had its origin in the allegation that a certain songster of the Sierras had written a poem in which the name of the author of *Faust* was made to rhyme with the unpoetic word *teeth*. The American humourist unhesitatingly mispronounced the names Molière and Goethe, and wrote these stanzas on

SHAKE, MULLEARY AND GO-ETHE

I

I have a bookcase, which is what
Many much better men have not.
There are no books inside, for books,
I am afraid, might spoil its looks.
But I've three busts, all second-hand,
Upon the top. You understand
I could not put them underneath—
Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe.

II

Shake was a dramatist of note;
He lived by writing things to quote.
He long ago put on his shroud:
Some of his works are rather loud.
His bald-spot's dusty, I suppose.
I know there's dust upon his nose.
I'll have to give each nose a sheath—
Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe.

III

Mulleary's line was quite the same;
He has more hair; but far less fame.
I would not from that fame retrench—
But he is foreign, being French.
Yet high his haughty head he heaves,
The only one done up in leaves.
They're rather limited on wreath—
Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe.

IV

Go-ethe wrote in the German tongue:
He must have learned it very young.
His nose is quite a butt for scoff,
Although an inch of it is off.
He did quite nicely for the Dutch;
But here he doesn't count for much.
They all are off their native heath—
Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe.

V

They sit there, on their chests, as bland
As if they were not second-hand.
I do not know of what they think,
Nor why they never frown or wink.
But why from smiling they refrain
I think I clearly can explain:
They none of them could show much teeth—
Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe.

In the early days of *Puck* the young poet chose to consider himself a dweller in the coast of Bohemia; and yet in more than one of his poems of this period he seems to have anticipated the time when he should remove from the seaport of Prague. This feeling is reflected more fully in the verses which he entitled "Wed" than in any other of his poems, excepting only, it may be, that called "The Deserter."

WED

For these white arms about my neck—
For the dainty room, with its ordered
grace—
For my snowy linen without a fleck—
For the tender charm of this uplift face—

For the softened light and the homelike air—
The low luxurious cannel fire—
The padded ease of my chosen chair—
The devoted love that discounts desire—

I sometimes think, when Twelve is struck
By the clock on the mantel, tinkling clear,
I would take—and thank the gods for the
luck—
One single hour with the Boys and the
Beer.

Where the sawdust scent of a cheap saloon
Is mingled with malt; where each man
smokes,
Where they sing the street songs out of tune,
Talk Art, and bandy ephemeral jokes.

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By Jove, I do! And all the time
I know, not a man that is there to-night
But would barter his brains to be where I'm—
And I'm well aware that the beggars are right.

THE DESERTER

SCENE—IN BOHEMIA

Glad? Don't I say so? Aren't your fingers numb where
They've felt the home-returning wanderer's grip?
Sit down? I will.
Put my umbrella somewhere
Where it won't drip.

My book—that parcel—thanks! What is it? Mrs.
Barbauld's—no, I mean, Plato's Nursery Rhymes—
Burton's Anat—oh, never mind it! This is
Just like old times.

Thank you, I *will* take something. No, not whiskey.
I've cut that—oh dear, yes, of course! from choice.
One lemonade! Jove! I feel younger—frisky—
One of the boys.

Give an account? Oh, I've been quite the rover
These two years—yes, I've only just got home.
Set out in April. Roughish passage over.
Went first to Rome.

I stayed in Paris longer than I meant to:
(I had to break the trip there coming back
From Rome.) Bonn was the next place that I went to—
Met you there, Jack.

You, with an ancient relative and a Murray—
Relative's dead? I hope he . . .? Ah, that's right!
I say, what made you leave in such a hurry,
On Christmas night?

I got engaged that last week in December.
—Didn't you meet the Carletons in Bordeaux?
You knew the girls. Mine's Florry. You remember—
The blonde, you know.

You—what? God bless me! And you were refused, eh?
Of course you were. That's why you looked so blue
That Christmas? Ya-as! I called the following Tuesday.
Sorry for you.

Hope, though, since then, some fair maid has consoled you?
No? Deuce you say. Poor fellow, that's too bad.
My wife—
Of course I am! Hadn't I told you?
I thought I had.

Ah, boys! These pleasant memories stealing o'er me—
I think I will take a Cabaña now.
Thank you, old man. . . .
You'll have to roll it for me—
I forget how.

Well, this is pleasant. 'Bacco, tales vivacious,
And beer. From youth's free spring once more I quaff,
A wild Bohemian.
Five o'clock? Good—gracious!
So much? I'm off!
No, positively can't. My wife—my dinner.
Always in evenings; people sometimes call.
(Here, Jack! one word—no grudge against the winner?
Shake!)
Good-bye, all!

And—I suppose my small domestic heaven
Wouldn't much interest you? If it did—
Fellows! come up next Sunday—tea at seven—
And . . .
see . . .
my kid.

[QUICK CURTAIN]

As these specimens of his stanzas indicate, the editor of *Puck* contributed to its columns verses of various kinds, sometimes broadly comic, sometimes delicately playful. His range included

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"comic copy" neatly rhymed and also the more fanciful *vers de société*. As an example of this more difficult variety may be taken the sequence of couplets which he called

INTERESTING

I rowed her out on the broad, bright sea,
Till the land lay purple upon our lee.

The heavens were trying the waves to outshine,
With never a cloud to the far sea-line.

On the reefs the billows in kisses broke—
But oh, I was dying for one small smoke.

She spoke of the gulls and the waters green—
But what is Nature to Nicotine?

She spoke of the tides, and the Triton myth;
And said Jones was engaged to the blonde Miss Smith.

She spoke of her liking lemon on clams;
And Euclid, and parallelograms.

For her face was fair and her eyes were brown,
And she was a girl from Boston town.

And I rowed and thought—but I never said—
"Does Havana tobacco trouble your head?"

She talked of algæ—she talked of sand—
And I thought: "Tobacco you cannot stand."

She talked of the ocean-steamers' speed—
And I yearned for a whiff of the wicked weed.

And at last I spoke, between fright and fret:
"Would you mind if I smoked a cigarette?"

She dropped her eyes on the ocean's blue,
And said: "Would you mind if *I* smoked too?"

Not all of his *vers de société* were contributed to *Puck;* many of them were published by the *Century,* which was then known as *Scribner's Monthly*. Among these was one poem which "went the rounds of the papers," when it first appeared, but which has since dropped out of sight, since its author refrained from reprinting it.

IN A PARIS RESTAURANT

I gaze, while thrills my heart with patriot pride,
Upon the exquisite skin, rose-flushed and creamy;
The perfect little head; on either side
Blonde waves. The dark eyes, vaguely soft and dreamy,
Hold for a space my judgment in eclipse,
Until, with half a pout, supremely dainty,
"He's real mean"—slips from out the strawberry lips—
"Oh, ain't he?"

This *at* her escort, youthful, black-mustached
And diamond-studded — this r e p r o o f, whereat he
Is not to any great extent abashed.
(That youth's from "Noo Orleens" or "Cincinatty,"
I'm sure.) But she—those dark eyes doubtful strike
Her sherbet-ice. . . . Won't touch it. . . .
Is induced to.
Result. "I'd sooner eat Mince-Pie, Jim, *lik*
We used to."

While then my too-soon-smitten soul recants,
I hear her friend discoursing with much feeling
Of tailors, and a garment he calls "pants."
I note into her eyes a softness stealing—
A shade of thought upon her low, sweet brow—
She hears him not—I swear, I could have cried here—
The escort nudges her—she starts, and—
"How?
The *ideer*!"

This was the finishing and final touch.
I rose, and took no further observation.
I love my country "just about" as much—
I have for it as high a veneration—
As a man whose fathers fought for liberty,
Whose veins conduct the blood of Commodore Perry, can.
But *she* was quite too very awfully
American.

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To this magazine was also contributed a group of poems in the fixed forms which the younger versifiers of that day had just imported from France *via* England. The pathetic little triolet on "A Pitcher of Mignonette," the rondels "She was a Beauty" and "Ready for the Ride," a rondeau or two, he preserved in his first volume of verse; but the most daring of them all, a triumphant chant-royal, always seemed to him to be too broadly humourous to be worthy of inclusion among his other poems, and yet in no other chant-royal in English have the difficulties of the form been more ingenuously or more successfully overcome:

BEHOLD THE DEEDS!

(CHANT-ROYAL)

[Being the Plaint of Adolphe Culpepper Ferguson, Salesman of Fancy Notions, held in durance of his Landlady for a "failure to connect" on Saturday night.]

I

I would that all men my hard case might know,
How grievously I suffer for no sin:
I, Adolphe Culpepper Ferguson, for lo!
I of my landlady am lockéd in,
For being short on this sad Saturday,
Nor having shekels of silver wherewith to pay:
She has turned and is departed with my key;
Wherefore, not even as other boarders free,
I sing (as prisoners to their dungeon-stones
When for ten days they expiate a spree);
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

II

One night and one day have I wept my woe;
Nor wot I, when the morrow doth begin,
If I shall have to write to Briggs & Co.,
To pray them to advance the requisite tin
For ransom of their salesman, that he may
Go forth as other boarders go alway—
As those I hear now flocking from their tea,
Led by the daughter of my landlady
Piano-ward. This day, for all my moans,
Dry bread and water have been servéd me.
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

III

Miss Amabel Jones is musical, and so
The heart of the young he-boardèr doth win,
Playing "The Maiden's Prayer," *adagio*—
That fetcheth him, as fetcheth the "bunko skin"
The innocent rustic. For my part, I pray:
That Badarjewska maid may wait for aye
Ere sits she with a lover, as did we
Once sit together, Amabel! Can it be
That all that arduous wooing not atones
For Saturday shortness of trade dollars three?
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

IV

Yea! she forgets the arm that was wont to go
Around her waist. She wears a buckle, whose pin
Galleth the crook of the young man's elbów.
I forget not, for I that youth have been.
Smith was aforetime the Lothario gay.
Yet once, I mind me, Smith was forced to stay
Close in his room. Not calm, as I, was he;
But his noise brought no pleasaunce, verily.
Small ease he gat of playing on the bones
Or hammering on his stove-pipe, that I see.
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

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HOW "MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND" WAS WRITTEN

It is now more than thirty years since Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson and Mr. Clarence Clough Buel began to gather the mass of material which formed the famous *Century* War Series and which served as the basis of the later volumes entitled *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*. It was because General Grant had been persuaded to contribute to the *Century* that he was encouraged to write his memorable *Memoirs*. Almost every veteran general who had survived the score of years after Appomattox was glad to fight his battles over in the hospitable pages of the magazine; and probably no one of the great European wars which had preceded the great American war had ever been so thoroughly discussed by the participants on both sides, by the leaders who were in command of the opposing forces. No doubt this free and frank discussion did its full share in abating the ill-feeling which might still be lingering on one side or the other of Mason and Dixon's line, after the bitterness of the Reconstruction period.

Besides the personal narratives of the commanders themselves the *Century* published other papers on circumstances and conditions, some of which cast interesting sidelights on popular feeling both in the North and the South in the long years of the protracted struggle. One of these subsidiary and accessory papers was on the "Songs of the Civil War." It was written by Mr. Brander Matthews at the request of Mr. Gilder. It appeared in the *Century* for August, 1887; and it was republished by Mr. Matthews in his *Pen and Ink: Essays on Subjects of More or Less Importance* (1888). Not content with his own boyhood recollections of the lyrics that led a precarious life on the lips of the soldiers while the actual conflict was still raging, Mr. Matthews was diligent in seeking information from those who had taken part in the creation of certain of the more important war-lyrics. He was singularly fortunate in securing from the writer of "Maryland, My Maryland" a full account of the fiery composition of that burning lyric; and he was equally lucky in getting from a participant in the event a description of the first singing of the song and of the way in which it had been fortuitously wedded to the music of the old German air, "Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum," familiar to all American college boys as the tune of "Lauriger Horatius."

As a result of his recent removal to another house, Mr. Matthews had occasion to go through all his accumulated correspondence. In the course of this examination he discovered the lost photograph of Robert Louis Stevenson which appeared in the April number of The Bookman; and he also recovered three of the letters written to him in December, 1884, in answer to his inquiries about the songs of the Civil War; and as these letters seem now to have taken on a certain historic importance, Mr. Matthews has consented to allow them to be printed in full in The Bookman. One is from James R. Randall, who wrote "Maryland, My Maryland"; a second is from Mrs. H. Newell Martin, who helped to set it to music; and a third is from Mr. George W. Cable, who supplied information about certain less familiar lyrics really popular with the Confederate soldiers on the march and in camp. In the brief space allowed him in the *Century*, while it was feeling the pressure of the more important and more significant narratives of the great generals of the North and the South, Mr. Matthews was able to quote only a few of the most salient passages from these letters; and they are now printed in full for the first time.

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James Ryder Randall had been born in Baltimore on the 1st of January, 1830. He was educated at Georgetown College in the District of Columbia. He removed to Louisiana, and was for a while on the staff of the New Orleans *Delta*. He was only thirty when the war broke out, but his health did not permit him to volunteer for service on the field. As he narrates in the letter he was engaged in teaching when he was inspired to celebrate his native State. After the war was over he removed to Augusta, Georgia, where he was editor of the *Constitutionalist*. In 1884 he held a position in Washington. He survived until 1908.

"Metropolitan Hotel,
"WASHINGTON, Dec. 15, 1884.

"DEAR SIR:

"In my twenty-second year I was a professor of English and the Classics at Poydras College, Parish of Pointe Coupée, Louisiana. This was in 1861. The college is situated on what is called Fausse Rivière, and distant from the Mississippi about seven miles. One April day I received the *Delta* newspaper of New Orleans containing an account of the attack on the Massachusetts regiment that first passed through Baltimore. This account excited me greatly. I had long been absent from my native city, and the startling event there inflamed my mind. That night I could not sleep; for my nerves were all unstrung, and I could not dismiss what I had read in the paper from my mind. About midnight, I rose, lit a candle and went to my desk. Some powerful spirit appeared to possess me, and, almost involuntarily, I proceeded to write the song of 'My Maryland.' I remember that the idea appeared to first take shape as music in the brain—some wild air that I cannot now recall. The whole poem was dashed off rapidly when once begun. It was not composed in cold blood, but under what may be called a conflagration of the senses, if not an inspiration of the intellect. I was stirred to a desire for some way linking my name with that of my native State, if not 'with my land's language.' But I never expected to do this with one single, supreme effort, and no one was more surprised than I was at the widespread and instantaneous popularity of the lyric I had been so strangely stimulated to write. I read the poem to the college boys, some of whom were imperfectly acquainted with the English tongue. They were much enthused by its recitation, and begged me to have it published. I sent it to the *Delta*, and it first appeared in print in that journal. I did not concern myself much about it; but very soon from all parts of the country there was borne to me in my remote place of residence a consciousness that I had made a great hit and that, whatever might be the fate of the Confederacy, the song would survive it.

"There are many most gratifying episodes connected with this poem. In his *Recollections of Fifty Years*, Mr. J. C. Derby has recorded some of the more memorable. I enclose a letter written to me by a Northern lady, which, in some respects, I prize more than any other testimonial of the kind. You are at liberty to use it, if so disposed.

"I have given you a faithful outline of the circumstances leading to the composition of the poem. I send herewith a copy of the lyric, as it originally appeared, with a single exception. The line which now reads:

'And chaunt thy deathless slogan-song'

was originally,

'And give a new key to thy song.'

"The pun was unworthy of the song, and I struck out or rather remodelled the whole line, soon after the publication of the poem. There has been no other changes of any consequence.

"I have written poems since, more artistic than 'Maryland,' but they had not the same sonorous inspiration. I have about fifty poems which might be embodied in book form, but the leisure to compile them properly has been denied me. Twenty years of newspaper drudg-

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ery have nearly extinguished the poetry of my nature, if they have not 'turned what was once romantic to burlesque.'

"I am,

"Very truly yours,

"JAS. R. RANDALL."

Brander Matthews, Esq.

The writer of the second letter was the wife of Professor H. Newell Martin, who had been called from England at the opening of Johns Hopkins University to occupy the chair of biology. Her maiden name was Hetty Cary, and she was a first cousin of Constance Cary, who married Burton Harrison, the private secretary of Jefferson Davis, and who removed shortly after the war was over with her husband to New York, where she wrote a succession of novels dealing with fashionable life in the American metropolis.

"221 St. Paul St.,

"BALTIMORE, Dec. 10, 1884.

"MY DEAR MR. MATTHEWS:

"Hoping to refresh my memory of such incidents connected with Mr. Randall's famous war song as might serve your purpose, I have delayed answering your note, but though I have brought to bear upon the matter the reminiscences of friends and numerous letters of the period little has been added to my material.

"Meagre though it be, however, in the hands of an artist like yourself it may be so worked up as to give the subject the picturesque setting worthy of it. In this belief I give you my few facts concisely and with as little colour as possible.

"After the burning of the bridges by the Baltimore militia, to prevent the passage of Northern troops through our city, the Fifty-third Maryland Regiment was disbanded and numbers of our first young men, of whom its membership was mainly composed, departed promptly for the Confederacy.

"They went in the dead of night with only the clothes they wore.

"Many letters for and from these absent ones, as well as subscriptions for the clothing we made and forwarded to them, passed through my hands and my father's house soon became a marked one, termed by the Union press, 'Headquarters of Rebeldom.'

"With tireless fingers and swift machines work for the cause went boldly on within its walls, in defiance of ceaseless vigilance and searchings by the 'authorities.' In stormy nights in the stable in our rear there was packing and shipping of our boxes of contraband goods.

"Thus danger and daring kept the fire in every heart fanned into flame.

"The enthusiasm of the girls who worked and the 'boys' who watched for their chance to slip through the lines to 'Dixie's Land' found vent and inspiration in such patriotic songs as could be made or adapted to suit our needs.

"The Glee Club was to hold its meeting in our parlours one evening early in June, and my sister, Miss Jennie Cary, being the only musical member of the family, had charge of the programme on the occasion. With a schoolgirl's eagerness to score a success she resolved to secure some new and ardent expression of feelings that by this time were wrought up to the point of explosion.

"In vain she searched through her stock of songs and airs—nothing seemed intense enough to suit her. Aroused by her tone of despair I came to the rescue with the suggestion that she should adopt the words of 'Maryland, My Maryland,' which had been constantly on my lips since the appearance of the lyric a few days before in the *Baltimore South*. I produced the paper and began declaiming the verses.

"'Lauriger Horatius!' she exclaimed, and in a flash the immortal song found voice in the stirring air so perfectly adapted to it.

"That night, when her contralto voice rang out the stanzas, the refrain rolled forth from every throat present, without pause or preparation, and the enthusiasm communicated itself with such effect to a crowd assembled beneath our open windows as seriously to endanger the liberties of the party.

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"A few weeks later it had become impossible to forward the supplies, of which we still had on hand several trunksful. My brother was about to leave for the army, and I concluded to risk 'running the blockade' with him, taking my sister also, to furnish more plausible excuse for leaving Baltimore with a very undue amount of luggage.

"Our plan was to visit friends in Southern Maryland and cross thence through the lines into Virginia, where we expected to spend a fortnight with relatives and return. Having devoted nearly all the space in our trunks to military clothing, our own wardrobes were almost as limited as had been those of our Dixie-bound boys.

"With some difficulty and more danger our party was finally landed after midnight on Virginia shores.

"My sister and I kept guard over the trunks while my brother scoured the vicinity for a conveyance to Stratford, a few miles distant from our point of landing and the birthplace of our friend and kinsman, General Robert E. Lee.

"An old hay wagon, drawn by a very large ox and a very small mule, was finally procured, and in this striking conveyance we made our triumphal entry into the Confederate States.

"Up to this time I had worn upon my person since leaving home a flag bearing the Maryland coat of arms, and presented by Baltimore women to the Maryland troops in the Southern army. In addition to the discomfort of this unwonted article of apparel, I had suffered no small anxiety lest the paint, which was new, should sustain some injury, therefore gladly shook its folds to the breeze the moment we were safe in Dixie.

"My brother cut a pole, we raised the banner aloft, and, perched upon trunks, jolted up and down hill to Stratford in the early dawn of that fair fourth of July, making the Virginian woods ring with 'Maryland, My Maryland!'

"The story of our adventures soon reached home, the aid and comfort given the enemy was greatly magnified, and we were speedily notified that we should not be permitted to return to Baltimore.

"We were living in Virginia in exile when shortly after the battle of Manassas, General Beauregard, hearing of our labours and sufferings in behalf of the Marylanders, who had already done such gallant service in his command, invited us to visit them at his headquarters near Fairfax Courthouse, sending a pass and an escort for us and the friends by whom we should be accompanied.

"Our party encamped the first night in tents prepared for us, at Manassas, with my kinsman, Captain Sterrett of Baltimore, formerly of the U. S. N.—who was in charge of the fortifications there. We were serenaded by the famous Washington Artillery of New Orleans, aided by all the fine voices within reach.

"Captain Sterrett expressed our thanks and asked if there were any service we might render in return. 'Let us hear a woman's voice!' was the cry which arose in response. And, standing in the tent door, under cover of the darkness, my sister sang 'My Maryland.'

"This, I believe, was the birth of the song in the army. The refrain was speedily caught up and tossed back to us from hundreds of rebel throats. As the last notes died away there surged forth from the gathering throng a wild shout, '*We* will break her chains! She *shall* be free! She *shall* be free! Three cheers and a tiger for Maryland!' And they were given with a will. There was not a dry eye in the tent, and we were told next day not a cap with a rim on it in camp.

"Nothing could have kept Mr. Randall's verses from living and growing into a power. To us fell the happy chance of first giving them voice.

"In a few weeks 'Maryland, My Maryland!' had found its way to the heart of our whole people and become a great national song.

"Of the previous popularity of 'Lauriger' I can only say that as long as I can remember it has been a favourite college song all over the country. It

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became especially well known in our own home through Mr. Burton N. Harrison, who when a Yale student brought it there with him in the holidays spent with us.

"I find that my little narrative has far exceeded the dimensions I allotted to it, and of course is not at all within the scope of your article, but without giving just this entourage of the song I could not communicate to you the spirit that made it what it was to us or the colour you require for your purpose. Make what use of the material you see fit. I shall be glad if it serves you. Of other songs of the South I can give you no points not known to all. I enclose a letter from Thomas W. Hall, Esq., a leading lawyer here, formerly editor of the *Baltimore South*.

"In the collection of which he writes there is doubtless some material which might be useful to you and not otherwise within your reach.

"I take for granted you know of fugitive poems by Major James Randolph, now on the staff of the Baltimore *American,* Teackle Wallis, Esq., of Baltimore, W. Gordon McCabe, Esq., of Petersburg, Virginia, and many others; verses which perhaps have never appeared in any published collection, but are written on the hearts of Southern people.

"Wishing you success in your very valuable and interesting undertaking, I am

"Yours truly,
"HETTY CARY MARTIN."

Of the writer of the third letter, Mr. George W. Cable, there is no need of saying anything, except to remind the reader that he had served in a Louisiana regiment during the four years of the war. It is, however, a coincidence that both the writer and the recipient of this letter were born in New Orleans and that the first Northern recognition of anything that Mr. Cable had written appeared in 1874 in an article contributed by Mr. Matthews to the *Galaxy*.

"SYRACUSE, N. Y., Dec. 4, 1884.
"DEAR MATTHEWS:

"Can you conceive the shortness of time as experienced by the roving lecturer? I must answer your letter in telegram style. But I shall be in New York in fifteen days (the 19th) and would gladly have that chat with you.

"'And Yet and Yet,' or 'Brave Boys Are They,' was heard by me at certain camp-fires in Mississippi, sung by a fellow of very fine and delicate voice. It never made the place it deserved, not being simple and easy enough for the ordinary soldier's musical powers, though there's nothing hard about it. Major J. B. Pond, at the Everett House, says it is of Northern origin and that he has a book containing it. Where the music and words are I know not.

"The Creoles of New Orleans, followed close by the Anglo-Americans of their town, took up the 'Marseillaise' with great enthusiasm, as they have always done whenever a war spirit was up. They did it when the British invaded Louisiana in 1814. It was good enough as it stood, they made no new adaptations of it, but sang it in French and English (I speak of 1861) 'dry so,' as the Southern rustics say.

"'Dixie' started with the first mutter of war-thunder—I don't know where or how. I heard it first in New Orleans. I think you will find it was something we should have had even without the war; but it stuck the top of the wave by happy accident. I think the same is true of 'Lorena.' This doleful old ditty started at the start and never stopped till the last musket was stacked and the last camp-fire cold. It was, by all odds, the song nearest the Confederate soldier's heart. It was the 'Annie Laurie' of the Confederate trenches. 'Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still' was only less popular.

"How I should like to have a talk with you over those days; but time presses. Good-bye for a time.

"Yours truly,
"G. W. CABLE."

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LITERARY LANDMARKS OF THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

BY PAUL WILSTACH

I

THERE is a freshness and whiteness about Washington, a newness and niceness, which proclaims a youth which belies reminiscence. Our national capital is indeed the junior of other Atlantic coast cities of the first class.

When it was not, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and even Annapolis, Williamsburg, Norfolk and Charleston were already mature. It cannot be said that they were already rich in literary landmarks, but their age accentuates the modernity of Washington's mere six score years. Before that time there were scarcely enough literary characters in those United States to make their own mark, much less a landmark. Yet there are to-day evidences of a rich literary history told in the inanimate survivals which are a treasured part of the charm of this most beautiful of American cities.

If one hears rather little of the literary remains of Washington, it is perhaps because of the transient nature of its population. Only a small portion of the people stay any length of time. There is little oral tradition.

But the landmarks are here, more perhaps than one would imagine, for the city has grown more by tearing down to make room than by building on new ground on the ever extending outskirts.

Washington's individuality as a governmental centre does much to overwhelm other aspects of life within sight of the great white dome. When John Hay is mentioned one thinks of the Secretary of State and forgets the author of the *Pike County Ballads* and the *Life of Lincoln*. General Grant's name suggests a commander and an executive rather than his great contribution to war literature. Thomas H. Benton and Henry Cabot Lodge sink into place as Senatorial cogs with faint remembrance of the incomparable political memoirs of the elder statesman or the fine poetry, political biographies and other distinguished work of the contemporary. Theodore Roosevelt's name conjures traditions of a surprisingly energetic Assistant Secretary of the Navy and of seven years of strenuous statesmanship in the White House, instead of nearly a five-foot bookshelf of his very own pen-product, much of which was done in his more obscure days in the neighbourhood of the British Embassy. Sherman, Sheridan and Logan carry the martial swing, and Admiral Porter's name has the tang of the salt sea. All had their homes in Washington, where they pursued the gentle art of composition. Here Sherman and Sheridan wrote their memoirs, Logan wrote his *Volunteer Soldier* and *The Great Conspiracy,* and Porter penned his naval history and his novel, *Allan Dare*. On the other hand, George Bancroft, Secretary of the Navy, is submerged in Bancroft historian of the United States.

One time or another, as student, tourist, correspondent or official, it is probable that nearly every literary character in America or foreign writer travelling here, has visited Washington. Fourteen of the twenty-five Presidents who resided in the White House have been writers of books. Many a Cabinet officer, Senator or Representative has filled his inch and a half on some library shelves. The corps of newspaper correspondents has seldom been without its maker of books. So the national capital is in a large way a city of many literary landmarks, but a catalogue of them all would be prosy as a catalogue of the

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average library. Among them, however, are some which appeal to the imagination, some we come upon with the pleasure begotten of surprise, and some have that peculiar interest which attaches to remoteness, for they reach out of the very beginnings of this beautiful city on the broad waters of the Potomac, when our literature was indeed negligible.

Beginning the quest on Capitol Hill the pilgrim finds himself at the very beginning of the city's life and in the shadow of two palaces which embody most that is significant in its literary associations. They are the Capitol of the United States and the Library of Congress. The Library was long a tenant of the Capitol.

One of the early anecdotes recites an accident here to Chief Justice John Marshall, biographer of George Washington, who used to wait upon himself when browsing among the bookshelves. The exact day is plucked from any possible indefiniteness, March 2, 1812,—and there is natural wonder why?—when the venerable jurist, in reaching for a law-book, overreached himself, and brought a whole battery down upon him. The confusion brought an attendant to the spot, where he found Justice Marshall on the floor, under a heap of books, actually stunned by a blow on the head. When he recovered he refused to be helped to his feet, and remarked with a sly sense of fun, not to be deprecated even in one at the head of the Supreme Bench,—"I've laid down the law out of the law-books many a time in my life, but this is the first time they have laid me down." Whereupon he dismissed the attendant and remained seated on the floor in the confusion of old tomes till he found what he wanted.

Ainsworth R. Spofford was himself one of Washington's literary landmarks during his more than forty years as assistant and later as librarian of Congress,—companion, friend and advisor of a large number of the writers who visited the federal city. He moved with the Library when it shook the dust of the Capitol attic and crossed the parked plaza to its present palatial home.

The ivy of new traditions are already hallowing its new walls. In the Senators' heavily brown and gold and crimson reading-room there stalks, with all the swagger of history, accounts of the great gathering late in 1906 when the joint committee of Congress heard arguments on copyright and the writing craft of America were represented by Edward Everett Hale, George Haven Putnam, Robert Underwood Johnson, Thomas Nelson Page, and Mark Twain consciously radiant in his suit of white.

The equally ornate reading-room for the members of the House of Representatives is already whispered of baitedly as the place where J. Quincy Adams Howard, formerly in charge and himself the author of the first life of Lincoln, spent many an hour in confab with his visiting crony, Joaquin Miller, "poet of the Sierras." Far away to the northwest across the lowlands of the city Miller's log cabin then crested Mount Pleasant. But when Sixteenth Street, sometimes ambitiously flaunting itself as the Avenue of the Presidents, lengthened its way from its White House beginnings and pushed up the hill, the cabin was found to be in the path of progress and the grading dredge. More fortunate than other landmarks, it was reverently removed and given permanence in the green folds of Rock Creek Park, where it is to-day a genuine monument if not quite a shrine.

II

Across the park from the Library, around the stone terrace which supports the Capitol, and down the banks of shaded steps on the west front thereof, the way leads a short distance along "the Avenue" to the quaintest survival of old Washington. At the mouth of John Marshal Place one looks up the gentle slope to the Greek portico of the mellowed City Hall, finely centred and spreading the benediction of age over all the leafy way between. This is the

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neighbourhood of antebellum glories. At the corner on the left—now adorned with a temple to the chariots of this nervous motor age, eighty years ago stood Mrs. Peyton's Boarding House. Here was the asylum of many an immortal. The ring of it, like a *sesame,* strikes away the intervening years and shows a lumbering stage-coach drawing in from the Maryland roads. Within is English Harriet Martineau, already an international celebrity.

"I saw the Capitol from a distance at the end of a straight road," she wrote; "but though I was prepared by the descriptions of preceding travellers, I was taken by surprise on finding myself beneath the splendid building, so sordid are the enclosures and houses on its very verge. We wound round its base, and entered Pennsylvania Avenue. . . . Our boarding-house was admirably situated, being some little distance down the Avenue, a few minutes' walk only from the Capitol. . . ."

For all her formal fêting Miss Martineau found her pleasantest evenings were those spent at home when Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, Justice Story and the aged Chief Justice John Marshall would "repose themselves by our fireside. . . . The most animated moment of our conversation was when I told him [Marshall] I was going to visit Mr. Madison on leaving Washington. He instantly sat upright in his chair, and with beaming eyes began to praise Mr. Madison. Madison received the mention of Marshall's name in just the same manner; yet these men were strongly opposed in politics, and their magnanimous appreciation of each other underwent no slight or brief trial."

In C Street, turning to the right from John Marshall Place, a century melts away in the presence of the broad, old red-brick houses, with wrought-iron balconies and window rails, beautifully proportioned and not unelaborate doorways, above winding iron-railed stone steps. Yet among these ancient tabernacles of political and literary history, of the latter the two most precious are replaced, Nos. 334 and 308.

In a house on the former site Thomas H. Benton wrote his *Thirty Years' View,* a classic of our early secret political history. The house formerly at No. 308 was the home of Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star-Spangled Banner." In this neighbourhood were entertained all the notables who visited Washington in the early part of the nineteenth century.

III

Key had another earlier home in the Capitol, miles away, near the corner of M and Thirty-sixth Street, in Georgetown, overlooking the Potomac, where it bends out of the highlands and reaches with its spreading waters far away to the south.

On this far western edge of the city are two other landmarks, happily surviving. At the top of the hill almost above the site of the Key cottage, reached by a far-flung flight of stone steps, is a little frame house, home and workshop for many years of the popular and indefatigable novelist, Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth. A swinging sign-board on the corner announces it "Southworth Lodge." It has seen several estates since the good lady died. The last was to nourish excursionists, passing on river holidays, with sandwiches and soft drinks. It is vacant now and yielding to the neglectful influence of vacancy. Outside and inside its windows and walls hail the eye with abandoned signs intended to tempt regalement of jitney appetites.

In spite of its present slattern estate there is about it the memory of a sweet domestic life. It stands on the corner rather below the level of the later graded street, with its porches open to the river and Virginia beyond. The lawn falls sheer over a bluff into a kind of shanty town on the river bank. There is an exhilarating sense of elevation. Perhaps the noble outlook was indeed a source of inspiration to the chatelaine. Seen on a too early spring day, three

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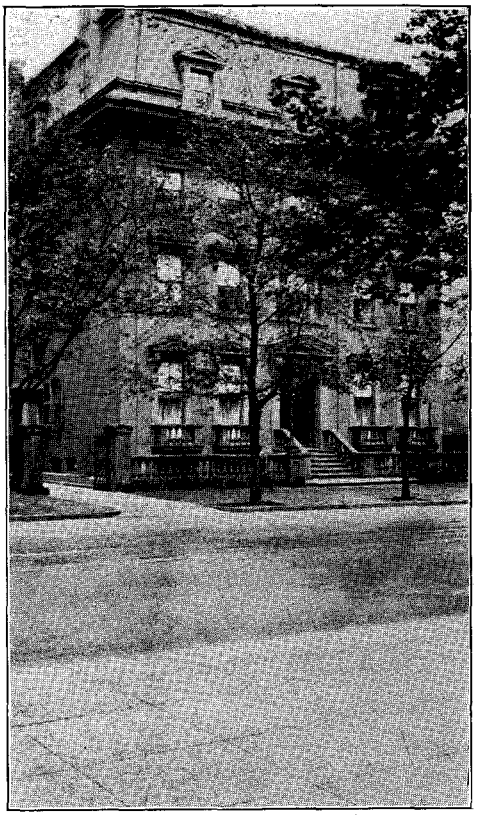

THE FORMER BRITISH EMBASSY, ACROSS LAFAYETTE SQUARE FROM THE WHITE HOUSE, WHERE OWEN MEREDITH, SON OF BULWER-LYTTON, WAS SECRETARY UNDER HIS MINISTER-UNCLE AND IS SAID TO HAVE WRITTEN "LUCILE"

huge trees lifted their stark vacant branches above the cottage, accenting its vacancy, mocking its abandonment.

There is a crest further up the hill and on the slope beyond spreads Oak Hill Cemetery, precious as the last resting place of the man who wrote seven operas, nine comedies, ten farces, eleven tragedies and twenty-six dramas, yet is remembered for his fourteen lines of "Home Sweet Home." John Howard Payne's grave is to the right of the main entrance under a shaft and bust. In the turf at one side is the original slab which for thirty-one years marked his first grave on the north coast of Africa.

Living, Payne had no real association with Washington. He died in Tunis in 1852 while United States Consul there. The munificence of a Washingtonian, W. W. Corcoran, permitted the restless poet of Home to find a last resting-place in his native land. The reinterment took place June 9, 1883, with

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military honours and was attended by the President of the United States, his Cabinet and the leading officials of the Government.

IV

If no other conspicuous literary landmarks survive in Georgetown, the venerable suburb is none the less the starting place of at least two other trails leading into the capital. In the first years of the last century, when Washington was young and Georgetown was already mature, the ministers of the foreign governments lived in the fine old houses on the heights, and among them was Merry, of England. In 1804 he had as his guest the poet Tom Moore, who "spent near a week" with him. Later Moore visited the family of Davy Burns at his cottage, only recently removed to make room for the Pan-American Building west of the White Lot. Burns owned a large farm which included the site of the present White House, and the site of his orchard is now Lafayette Square. In those days "Washington was but a huddle of booths, taverns and gambling-booths around a political race-course." The only landmark of Moore's visit to the capital survives in his verses:

In fancy now, beneath the twilight gloom,
Come, let me lead thee o'er the second Rome
Where tribunes rule, where dusky Davi bow,
And what was Goose Creek once is Tiber now;
This embryo Capital, where fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees
Which second-sighted seers, even now adorn
With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn.

Old Georgetown was the gateway by which Washington Irving first entered the capital. This was on private business in 1811, his stage "literally struggling through the mud all the way from Baltimore." He stopped first at "the Inn" in the western suburb. In a letter written a few days later he tells in his usual blithe manner how, on the day of his arrival, learning Mrs. Madison was to hold a levee, he angled for an invitation, and got it and went. As soon as his old friend John P. VanNess knew of his arrival he insisted he come at once to his house, where he was directly "moored head and stern."

Irving came again in June, 1832, recently returned from Spain, where he had been chargé of the United States Legation, to settle his accounts with the Government. He wrote home that he had "a very snug, cheery, cosey room in the immediate neighbourhood of McLane's and take my meals at his house, and, in fact, make it my home." Returning from a southern trip the December following, he expected to stay two or three days and remained three months, on this visit quite making McLane's his home.

This friend was Louis McLane, at this time Secretary of the Treasury, and his residence is estimated from the old directories to have stood on the spot where, for so many years, has stood another literary landmark, Lowdermilk's Old Book Store, veritable temple of Americana, venerable and dear to generations of literary browsers.

Irving's third visit was made at the age of sixty-nine, when he came, in the year 1853, on his first literary errand. He had the *Life of George Washington* in hand and he wanted to examine the Washington manuscripts at the time in the State Department. "I cannot say I find much that is new among the manuscripts of Washington," he said, "Sparks having published the most interesting; but it is important to get facts from the fountain head, not at second hand through his publications." He arrived at the end of January and remained until after Pierce's inauguration, being entertained a great deal. On this visit he stayed with his friend John P. Kennedy, Secretary of the Navy, and somewhat of a novelist, at his residence in H Street, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth Streets. It seems little known that Kennedy wrote the descriptions of the local scenery about Cumberland as Thackeray incorporated them in

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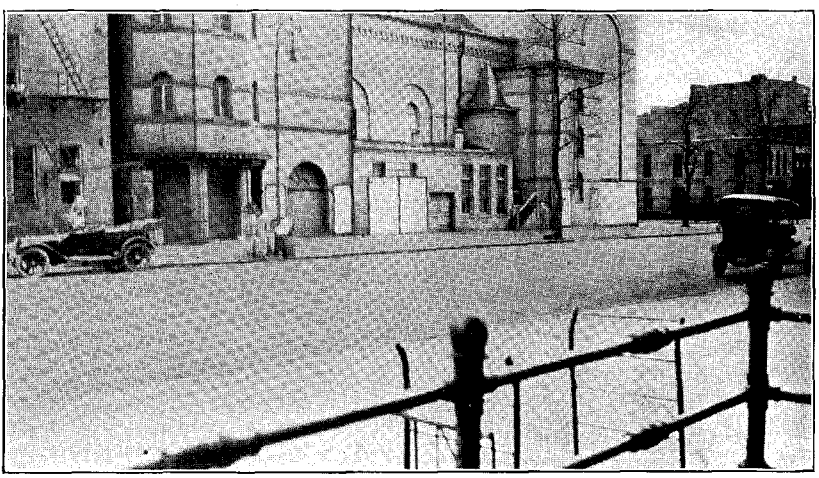
the fourth chapter of the second volume of *The Virginians.*

There are survivals of other literary lions here before the war. About 1850 a brother of Bulwer-Lytton was British minister in Washington. The Legation occupied the fine old mansion facing Lafayette Square, just behind St. John's Church, and full opposite the White House. One of the attachés of the Legation was Robert Bulwer, son of the novelist and nephew of Sir Henry the minister, and it is tradition that, while resident in this house, he wrote the popular poem, *Lucile,* under the pen-name of Owen Meredith.

The year 1851 made history for the whole country when, in the print-shop of the *National Era,* on the west side of Seventh Street, just south of E Street, was set in type for the first time and published serially, beginning June 5th, the first chapters of *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* This immortal story was originally written in twelve chapters. But during its publication in the *National Era* the demand for more facts caused it to grow from its original twelve to its ultimate forty-five chapters. Mrs. Stowe seems not to have been in Washington at the time, but she came in 1862 to attend the fugitive slave Thanksgiving dinner and to see her son, whose regiment was encamped near the city.

A short walk from the site of the first publication of *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* at the northeast corner of C and Eleventh Streets, crowded back from the avenue, is a venerable old theatre, a veritable aristocrat gone to seed. It survives in the service of intermittent "burlesque" shows with an occasional wrestling match for lagnappe. Its later day entrance is on the avenue, next to historic Harvey's. Time was when the coaches of the first grandees of the country came in procession to its very own front door, in Eleventh Street. It commanded its own neighbourhood then, and was known as Carusi's Assembly Rooms. The popular actors appeared here, it was the scene of several early inaugural balls, and is significant in this narrative because here on January 19, 1853, Thackeray lectured from its stage. "Both Presidents, Fillmore and Pierce, came to hear him," he wrote, and they were amused when he compared them to "the two Kings of Brentford smelling at one rose."



THE OLD THEATRE BEHIND HARVEY'S, FORMERLY KNOWN AS CARUSI'S ROOMS, WHERE THACKERAY LECTURED BEFORE TWO PRESIDENTS IN 1853

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V

Charles Dickens was in Washington twice. Eleven years before Thackeray the first time, and fifteen years after the other great Victorian on his second visit. When he came in 1842 on his copyright mission, he and Mrs. Dickens stopped at Fuller's City Hotel, "n. side Penn Ave btw 14 and 15, w cor 14," in the abbreviated terms of a contemporary directory, which exactly describes the site of the later and present Willard's Hotel. When he returned "to read" in February, 1868, he made his home in rooms over John Welcker's restaurant on the east side of Fifteenth Street, at No. 721, just above New York Avenue, where stands to-day the hinter quarters of a bank. On the first visit he played "Home Sweet Home" on an accordeon in his rooms, and made observations for the Washington pages of his *American Notes*. On his return in '68 he seems to have enjoyed every moment. He read in Carroll Hall, then in G Street, near Ninth, and wrote home:

"The audiences are really very fine. So ready to laugh or cry, and doing both freely, that you might suppose them Manchester shillings instead of Washington half-sovereigns." The hall held seven hundred people at three dollars a head!

He passed his birthday this year at the capital, and wrote his daughter:

I couldn't help laughing at myself on my birthday at Washington; it was observed so much as though I was a little boy. Flowers and garlands of most exquisite kind, arranged in all manner of green baskets, bloomed over the room; letters radiant with good wishes poured in; a shirt pin, a handsome silver travelling-bottle, a set of gold shirt-studs, and a set of gold sleeve-links, were on the dinner table. Also, by hands unknown, the hall at night was decorated; and after "Boots at the Holly-Tree," the whole audience rose and remained, great people and all, standing and cheering, until I came back to the table and made them a little speech.

The corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Fourteenth Street, immortalised in Dickens's description of Fuller's Hotel in *American Notes,* was destined to additional fame as Willard's in war-time. Here Julia Ward Howe wrote "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Her own reminiscence of the process is preserved:

I distinctly remember that a feeling of discouragement came over me as I drew near the city of Washington at the time already mentioned. I thought of the women of my acquaintance whose sons or husbands were fighting our great battle; the women themselves serving in the hospitals, or busying themselves with the work of the Sanitary Commission. . . . I could not leave my nursery to follow the march of our armies, neither had I the practical deftness which the preparing and packing of sanitary stores demanded. Something seemed to say to me, "You would be glad to serve, but you cannot help anyone; you have nothing to give, and there is nothing for you to do." Yet because of my sincere desire, a word was given me to say, which did strengthen the hearts of those who fought in the field and of those who languished in the prison.

We were invited one day to attend a review of troops at some distance from the town. While we were engaged in watching the manœuvres, a sudden movement of the enemy necessitated immediate action. The review was discontinued, and we saw a detachment of soldiers gallop to the assistance of a small body of our men who were in imminent danger of being surrounded and cut off from retreat. The regiments on the field were ordered to march to their cantonments. We returned to the city very slowly, of necessity, for the troops filled the road. My dear minister was in the carriage with me, as were several other friends. To beguile the rather tedious drive, we sang from time to time snatches of the army songs so popular at that time, concluding I think, with

John Brown's body lies a-moulding in the ground;
His soul is marching on.

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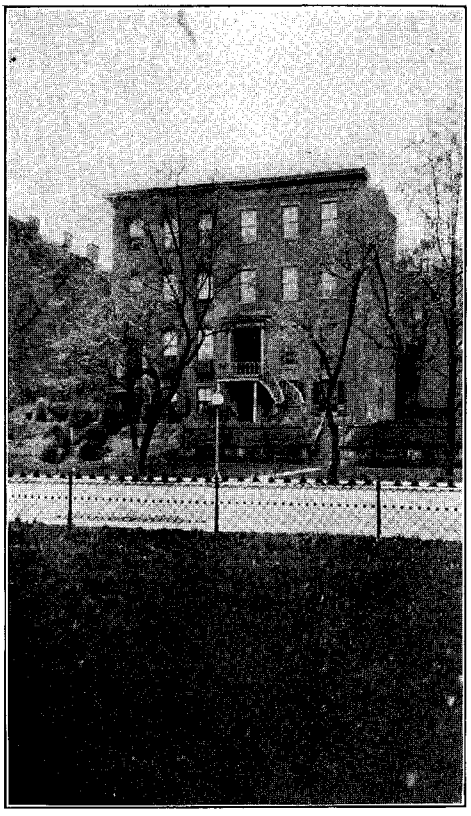

A HOUSE IN A DELIGHTFUL OLD RESIDENTIAL BACKWATER OF WASHINGTON CITY WHICH FASHION PASSED YEARS AGO BUT COULD NOT ROB OF ITS CHARM. BOUND UP WITH TRADITIONS OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

The soldiers seemed to like this, and answered back, "Good for you!" Mr. Clarke said, "Mrs. Howe, why do you not write some good words for that stirring tune?" I replied that I had often wished to do this, but had not as yet found in my mind any leading toward it.

I went to bed that night as usual, and slept, according to my wont, quite soundly. I awoke in the grey of the morning twilight; and as I lay waiting for the dawn, the long lines of the desired poem began to twine themselves in my mind. Having thought out all the stanzas, I said to myself, "I must get up and write these verses down, lest I fall asleep again and forget them." So, with a sudden effort, I sprang out of bed, and found in the dimness an old stump of a pen which I remembered to have used the day before. I scrawled the verses almost without looking at the paper. I learned to do this when, on previous occasions, attacks of versification had visited me in the night, and I feared to have recourse

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to a light lest I should wake the baby, who slept near me. . . . Having completed my writing, I returned to bed and fell asleep, saying to myself, "I like this better than most things that I have written."

Before leaving this spot the opposite side of Fourteenth Street invites the literary pilgrim's quest. Here rambling up the hill to the shoulder of the ancient Ebbitt House is—still unbroken save by one modern wedge—the line of little brick buildings, classic in journalism as Newspaper Row. This was the rendezvous and the workshop of many an able writer who graduated from journalism to literature, for the corps of Washington correspondents boasts a remarkable roster of literary characters from the days of Samuel Clemens and Nathaniel P. Willis down to the more recent period of William Elroy Curtis, George Kennan, Frank G. Carpenter and Samuel Blythe.

VI

Nearby are souvenirs of still other names of an earlier period. At the northeast corner of Twelfth and E Streets stands a yellow building, now sacred to beer, on the spot where was the house that lodged young James McNeil Whistler in 1854. He was here only a few months, recently from West Point, a clerk in the Coast Survey, at a salary of a dollar and a half a day.

I was apt to be late, I was so busy socially. I lived in a small room, but it was amazing how I was asked and went everywhere—to balls, to the legations, to all that was going on. Labouchère, an attaché at the British Legation, has never ceased to talk of me, so gay, going everywhere, and, when I had not a dress-suit pinning up the tails of my black frock-coat, and turning it into a dress coat for the occasion. Shocking.

The office records show that he worked less than two days a week and when he was late he declared that "he was not too late, it was the office that opened too early." The Pennells repeat Lindenkohl's account of his effort to reform Whistler:

Captain Benham, who was in charge of the office, took occasion to tell me that he felt great interest in the young man, not only on account of his talents, but also on account of his father, who was his particular friend, and he told me that he would be highly pleased if I could induce Whistler to be more regular in attendance. "Call at his lodgings on your way to the office," he said, "and see if you can't bring him along."

Accordingly, one morning, I called at Whistler's lodgings at half-past eight. No doubt he felt somewhat astonished, but received me with the greatest *bonhomie,* invited me to make myself at home and promised to make all possible haste to comply with my wishes. Nevertheless, he proceeded with the greatest deliberation to rise from his couch and put himself in shape for the street and prepare his breakfast, which consisted of a strong cup of coffee brewed in a steam-tight French machine, then a novelty; and also insisted on treating me with a cup of coffee. We made no extra haste on our way to the office, which we reached about half-past ten—an hour and a half after time. I did not repeat the experiment.

In the year coincident with Whistler's arrival, and departure, there came a raw youth, from the Mississippi country, "to see the sights," on his way to New York. Sam Clemens it was. He came again in 1867, under the brightening halo of Mark Twain, "to get an appointment for his brother Orion," and wrote much. His letters were written from "224 F cor 14th," obviously the old style numbering, and he explained: "I room with Bill Stewart and board at Willard's Hotel." He came often later and was much fêted.

The same part of town is enriched by memories of Walt Whitman's decade in Washington. He came in 1862, penniless, nursed the wounded, became a department clerk, wrote much, moved often, and departed after eleven years. The chief product of this chapter of his life were "The Wound Dresser,"

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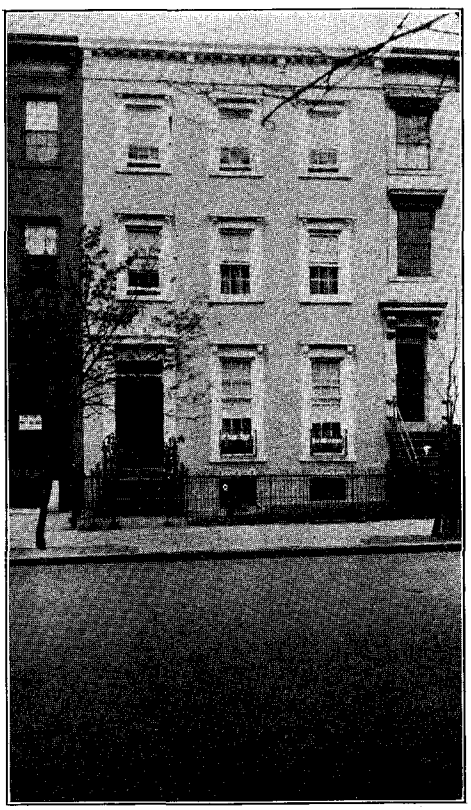

IN HER "DEN" AT THE TOP OF THIS HOUSE FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT WROTE "LITTLE LORD FAUNTELEROY"

"Drum Taps," "Passage to India," "Calamus," and "Memories of President Lincoln." He was first a clerk in the Indian Bureau and later was transferred to the office of the Attorney-general in the Treasury Building.

Whitman's earliest home in the capital has been replaced by a business house. This was on the north side of G Street, the third door from the corner west of Twelfth Street. It was the home of William Douglas O'Connor, no inconsiderable character himself. He had the quality to attract Whitman, Burroughs, Stedman, Aldridge the publisher and Trowbridge to his house, which became their regular rendezvous. O'Connor wrote a novel called *Harrington* and the admired monograph, *The Good Grey Poet*.

Later Whitman moved farther "out" to a house on the west side of Thirteenth Street, between M and N Streets, four doors from the corner of M Street. Two years later he was living around the corner at 1205 M Street, where he

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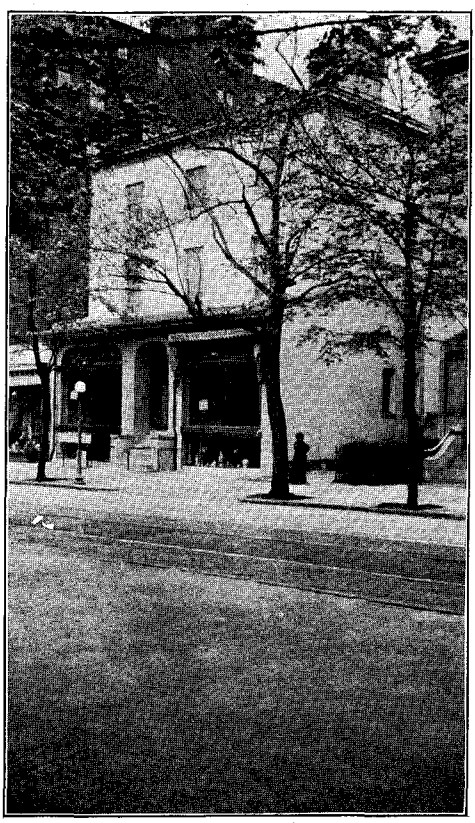

THIS DIGNIFIED OLD WHITE MANSION BEHIND ITS BARRICADE OF SHOPS WAS THE HOME OF GEORGE BANCROFT, THE HISTORIAN, AND IN HIS GARDENS THERE HE CULTIVATED THE PARENT STEM OF ALL AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSES

seems to have remained until he left Washington in 1873.

Two blocks south in this delightful old domestic backwater, which fashion passed years ago, but could not rob of its charm, is the Wadsworth house, at the northwest corner of Twelfth on M Street. The number is 1203. It is a roomy yet modest old city dwelling perched on a high terrace, the first floor reached by a quaint flight of steps. Here the poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, visited his uncle, Commodore Alexander Scammel Wadsworth, in early February, 1839, and he wrote home, on the ninth of the month, that the Commodore "makes me as comfortable and as much at home as possible." Farther west, on trade-eaten Connecticut Avenue, there is another Longfellow souvenir in a statue to the poet near the corner of M Street. It was erected by the voluntary contributions of the school children of America.

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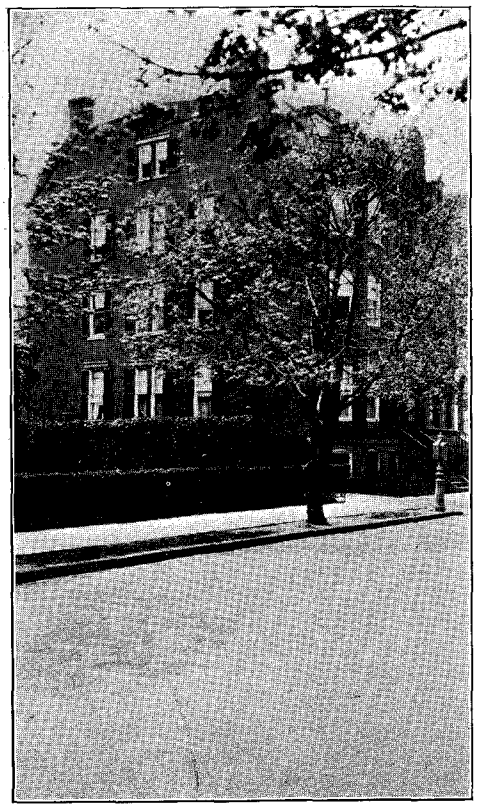

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S HOME, OPPOSITE THE BRITISH EMBASSY, STANDS BROADSIDE TO THE MORNING SUN, WITH A WHOLE BATTERY OF WINDOWS

VII

Following the broad shade of K Street westward from the Wadsworth house to the next corner, and coming upon Franklin Square, one of the so many beauty and breathing spaces in the capital, a few steps south along the park brings the pilgrim within range of one of the most interesting survivals in the city. Not half a dozen doors from the corner of Thirteenth Street, the number is 1215 on I Street, in a row of houses which seem to have deteriorated rather than decayed, stands one of generous breadth and exterior markings indicative of fine interior spaces, and of strength and sincerity in building. This was the home of Frances Hodgson Burnett from 1778 to 1886, and here "in her den in the attic" she wrote several of her most admired stories, among them the beloved *Little Lord Fauntleroy*.

This was not Mrs. Burnett's first

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home in Washington, nor yet her last. After leaving the birthplace of Fauntleroy she lived for four years in the less distinguished house, if in a more fashionable quarter, at 1736 K Street, and in 1890 settled in Washington's Mayfair, in the then pretentious house at 1770 Massachusetts Avenue, only a stone's throw from fashion's core, Dupont Circle. The years in the last house coincide with the appearance of several of her successful plays.

The Lafayette Square neighbourhood, which has not yet lost its charm or its favour, is rich in other literary associations than the reputed birthplace of *Lucille*. A few steps along H Street, on the corner of Sixteenth, opposite old St. John's, is the low, solid, comfortable, and not unpretentious home of John Hay, whose literary performances were in their way not less notable than his achievements as Secretary of State. The dark red brick house adjoining on the park side is the home of Henry Adams the historian.

Across Franklin Square, the radiant White House on the left, at number 1651 Pennsylvania Avenue, is a mansion to delight the eye as well as to satisfy the lion hunter. Locally it is known as the Blair House, and its distinguished procession of occupants included Postmaster-general Blair, George Bancroft the historian when Secretary of the Navy, and Secretary Ewing when his daughter married General Sherman. Tradition, moreover, has it that in this house Robert E. Lee was offered the command of the Union Army.

Bancroft's residence here was brief. The Bancroft home proper, so determined by his dwelling there for the last fifteen years of his life, 1875 to 1890, stands at 1623 H Street, struggling bravely to assert its native dignity above the barricade of modern shops which now somewhat obscure it. Here he revised his *History of the United States* and wrote his *History of the Formation of the Constitution.*

The flower garden behind the house merits a celebrity all its own. The old gentleman's hobby was roses. John Brady, his gardener, is the surviving medium of an interesting reminiscence of the historian's rose culture. Among his plants was a bush grown from what was said to be the last specimen of La Madame Ferdinande Jamin, a French rose transplanted to Germany and thence to America. It proved to be the parent stem from which have since descended all the wonderful roses celebrated as the American Beauty.

A short walk north finds the more modern landmarks. Tucked away in Nineteenth Street, on the south corner of Jefferson Place, is a detached brick dwelling of nondescript architecture, much the same sort as languish in almost any large American town. But it sits open to sunlight and air, and is roomy, so it was probably adequate for a Government subaltern with a family of romping boys and girls. Here Theodore Roosevelt lived while Civil Service Commissioner. He must have valued the neighbourhood, for, when he returned to Washington in 1897, after an absence of two years, to become Assistant Secretary of the Navy, he took a house nearby at 1810 N Street, across the street from the British Embassy. It stands broadside to the morning sun with a whole battery of windows to deal death to darkness, dampness or dirt. During ten years in these two dwellings Mr. Roosevelt made some of his most admired contributions to literature.

The neighbouring embassy is significant to this brief chronicle as the home, for several years, of James Bryce, and here he revised his *American Commonwealth.* Just across the avenue, in the house at 1741 N Street, the author of *A Man Without a Country,* Edward Everett Hale, spent his last years as Chaplain of the Senate.

Among Mr. Roosevelt's other neighbours was Henry Cabot Lodge, who in settling displayed a restlessness not found in his matured and graceful writings. He lived first at 1211 Connecticut Avenue, now a business house; then

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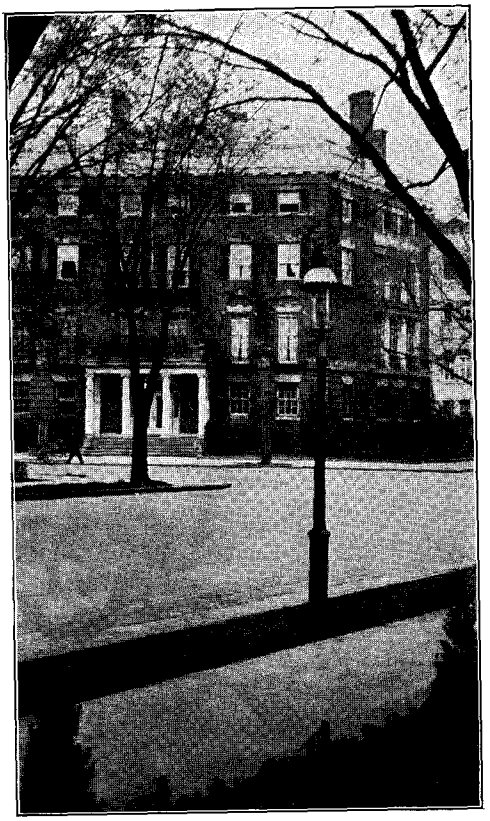

THOMAS NELSON PAGE'S HOME

round the corner at 1721 Rhode Island Avenue; and eventually settled in the more elegant retirement of Massachusetts Avenue, at No. 1765. Here Mr. Lodge has lived and written for nearly twenty-five years. Though the house stands shoulder to shoulder with its neighbours, it is singularly self-effacing, in part behind an opulent magnolia tree. In its broad front of dark red brick, the step roof tilted to the street, its black window frames hung with dark draperies on the lower floor and with crisp snowy curtains above, there is a real charm, a quieting atmosphere significant of the scholar within.

Not far away is the home of the creator of Marse Chan and Mah Lady, best known of Washington's literary shrines. Not the Massachusetts Avenue house at 1708, in the same block with Senator Lodge, where Thomas Nelson Page first lived from 1894 to 1897, but the handsome colonial mansion at No. 1759 R Street, advantageously set to command the broad leafy arch of New

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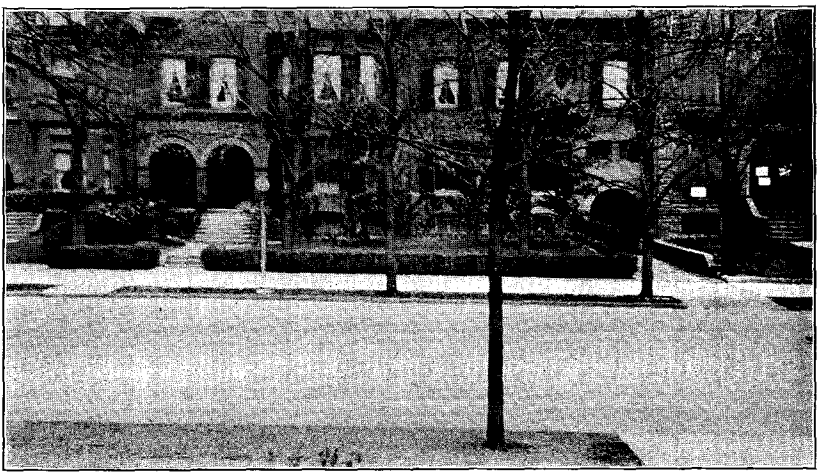
Hampshire Avenue sweeping up from Dupont Circle. Like the Lodge home, this house has an atmosphere of its own. There is youth and cheerfulness in its white portal and sills and balustraded cornice, in the portico boxes of hearty green, and in the bushy tangle on each side the door, which seems ready to open to the ebony hand of a patronising old butler for the flight of a fluttering bevy of Virginia belles.

In a chronicle necessarily so brief much remains untold. Here at least are the high lights of a little appreciated aspect of the political capital of the nation.



THE SELF-EFFACING HOME OF HENRY CABOT LODGE, WHERE HE HAS WRITTEN FOR NEARLY TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

IN A SPANISH CONFESSIONAL

BY THOMAS WALSH

When the old Carthusian tried
To make me promise I would free her,
At his ear my lips replied,—
"Padre, ah, if you could see her!"

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ADA REHAN: SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

BY FOLA LA FOLLETTE

ALTHOUGH I had never seen Ada Rehan play until I joined her company, my admiration for her and her art dates from early childhood. My recollection of my most successful and cherished Christmas gift to my father is always intimately associated with her name. The gift consisted in mounting chronologically in a scrap book the theatre programmes which father had saved from college days and through the years when he and mother were first in Washington. The name of Ada Rehan was like a *motif* through the whole collection. And although mounting the programmes was an arduous task for a youngster, I was amply rewarded by the inspiration the book gave to what I regarded as the golden hours of my childhood—hours when mother or father would tell me of Miss Rehan's interpretation of this or that rôle. Before I ever heard her wonderful voice I had learned to worship her infectious comedy and to wait spellbound for her inimitable reading of "I *know* it is the moon" and a hundred other lines. One of the dearest tributes I can pay Miss Rehan is that when I, at last, saw her play her art did not mar the dreams of my childhood, but only dwarfed them through the greater brilliance and beauty of the reality.

Had the manager who gave me my first engagement known the background of my devotion to Miss Rehan's art he would not have been so surprised when I refused his offer to understudy a leading actress in a Broadway production, and eagerly seized the opportunity to "play bits" in Ada Rehan's company. The day of the first rehearsal was a wonder day for me. The company was assembled on the bare stage. Miss Rehan, dressed in a simple tailored suit of old blue, was seated at the prompt table. As the director read the names of the company they stepped forward one by one to be presented to Miss Rehan and to receive from her the copies of their parts. Many of the company needed no introduction, for she had gathered about her those of the old Daly company who were still there to answer her roll call. They came forward in the order of their prominence, and, as I had only "bits," I was among the last to be called. It seemed an eternity as I walked the length of the stage; to her it was only a tiny incident in the day's routine, but to me it was a supreme moment of homage as I took my little eight-word part from that lovely hand. She represented to me all that I worshipped most in the theatre—and I then worshipped the theatre beyond everything else—for I still had illusions. Many of these have been shattered in relation to the theatre, but Miss Rehan's art justified and has kept intact for me all that I had woven about her. Contrasted with this storm of emotion within me, her casual and almost abrupt nod sent me back to my chair in a dark corner of the stage, suffering all the agonies of the inarticulate, and yet with a thrill of happiness as I remembered the beauty with which that hand of hers had moved in giving me my poor little part.

We were eight weeks rehearsing *The Taming of the Shrew* and *The School for Scandal* before we opened in New Haven. Miss Rehan attended and directed, with the assistance of her stage manager, practically all of the rehearsals. I followed every one with intense interest, making cuttings of my own copies of the plays to correspond with those she used.

Two incidents stand out vividly in regard to the rehearsals. One was when

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Miss Rehan rehearsed the minuet which was danced in *The School for Scandal.* For many days a dancing master had been struggling to teach us the dainty steps and the difficult courtesies. One morning when we went through the measures for Miss Rehan, our mechanical performance was too much for her; she caught up a fan and showed us the minuet as I had dreamed it might be danced. I always regretted that she herself did not join the dance in the performance, as she had in the earlier days.

At rehearsal, when it came to the scenes in which Miss Rehan herself participated, she only "said the lines," never really playing the part. During the first weeks of rehearsal, however, that was more than many of the company did. They were exceptionally "slow study." One memorable day after a "letter perfect" rehearsal had been called, most of the actors seemed to know their lines. One young actor, a relative of Miss Rehan, who had known scarcely a word of his part the day before, was particularly glib. He was playing a woman's rôle and had important "business" with a fan. We had not yet been given properties, and so he was using his derby hat to indicate the business. Suddenly Miss Rehan halted him in his smooth recital of verse, saying: "—— give me your hat!" He passed the hat crown toward her. She took it exactly as he handed it to her and quite solemnly rested it on her lap, without turning it over. Then she directed that the rehearsal proceed. The actor deprived of his hat stumbled hopelessly, "fluffed" and improvised strange annotations of Shakespeare. A smile stole across Miss Rehan's face—that inimitable smile—as she remarked: "I thought as much." And without looking into the hat herself, returned it to the youth, but in such a way that the entire company was enabled to see his part neatly folded across the inside of his hat. The next day that actor and every other was letter perfect.

In Miss Rehan's company the old traditions of the theatre were rigidly observed. What one might call, for lack of a better term, the caste of the theatre was maintained. With only one discordant exception the people playing the rôles had earned their relative places by long experience and earnest work, and the order had a basis of reality which everyone recognised in a gentle deference. It was not an undemocratic atmosphere, but merely lent a dignity to one's hope of honest achievement in the same field. The theatre seemed even in a wretched one-night stand the temple of a dignified and beautiful art, which one might worship and strive to master; not a factory where a new inventor turns out profitable personalities overnight. All this emanated from and was personified by Miss Rehan herself. There was nothing of the hail-fellow-well-met about her. Her relation with her company was a work rather than a social one. Somewhat near-sighted, she seldom gave any token of recognition beyond a general impersonal good morning or good evening when she entered the theatre. This some of the company at times resented. But she never failed to think of her company from the most insignificant member up—that was the way Miss Rehan thought—when it could increase their well-being or comfort. Of this we had many tokens.

She was most unostentatious and simple in dress and in her whole habit of life. On tour Miss Rehan lived quietly and apart with her faithful coloured maid, Lizzie, and her little dog, Bobsy, as her inseparable companions. When hotels drew the colour line and refused to give Lizzie a room, she would have a cot placed in her own room rather than have her devoted servant discriminated against. Miss Rehan once told me that in early years she had always had a consummate contempt for the actress with the pet lap dog and had vowed solemnly she would never join their ranks. But Bobsy had captured her and enlarged her understanding of what she had considered merely an affectation. He had been sent across the water as an indispensable actor in a play Mr. Daly was producing. From the instant of his ar-

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rival at the theatre, terrified by the stormy sea voyage, he had attached himself to her, and she volunteered to take him home for one night until a suitable abiding place could be found. He was given a proper dog-rug near her bed, but before morning the lonely little fellow had curled himself close beside her. The forlorn waif's need captured her, and in spite of her aversion to the idea she became his devoted servant.

As a rule, Miss Rehan seemed rather unaware of those about her. She moved among us with a quiet dignity and remoteness which always suggested to me not a voluntary isolation but rather that which inevitably emanates from a saddened and lonely spirit. But for all her apparent aloofness there would come sudden amazing flashes revealing a detailed knowledge of a situation or an intimate discernment of people to whom she had scarcely spoken.

My first personal word from Miss Rehan occurred during the dress rehearsal of *The School for Scandal*. We were dancing the minuet in the first act and I was particularly unhappy in mind and body owing to my ridiculous costume. It was a heavy red velvet brocade, which had been originally designed for a very tall woman. Despite my pleading the Wardrobe Mistress had assigned it to me, refusing to cut off any of the handsome velvet. It was all caught up around my five foot three inches in an overskirt of dimensions ridiculous even for that period. I felt, and I am certain I looked, like a drunken Falstaff whenever I tried to courtesy. During the first figure of the dance Miss Rehan abruptly stopped the rehearsal and called me to the footlights.

I supposed I was to be reprimanded if not dismissed for my awkwardness. Instead she asked why I had on "that costume." When I explained she added: "It's ridiculous for a tiny person like you. You shall have a costume out of my trunk—an old Chinese brocade. But mind you take good care of it, child!" When the costume came it proved an exquisite old yellow satin Chinese embroidery. I was lighter of heart and of foot. Though Miss Rehan never knew it, during many weeks of devastating one-night stands, the packing of that precious gown with tender care was a silent ceremonial of gratitude for her thoughtful kindness.

We had been playing the *School* a week before I was again aware of Miss Rehan's helpfulness. In the first act there were several moments when she was on the stage, but had no lines to speak. During this time she always went "up stage," moving in and out among the "silent guests" or "extras." One evening she stopped in front of me, tilted her head and half closed her eyes as artists look at a picture, saying: "Child, how do you put on your make-up? It is very bad!" I knew this, as various members of the company had taken occasion to inform me, but few had given me any helpful suggestions. I had, owing to high cheek bones and small eyes, an extremely difficult face to make up. But Miss Rehan did not stop with a general criticism; she gave me practical suggestions, and as I incorporated them one after another she would approve or discard the alteration. It was not, however, until some years after, when I was fortunately able to follow Miss Rehan's advice and submit the problem to a painter, that I finally worked out a really satisfactory "make-up." But it was she who first rescued me from hopeless manipulation of the grease paint.

After the opening performances of *The Shrew* and *The School,* the company settled down to routine work. Regularly, when I was not required on the stage, I slipped into the first entrance to watch Miss Rehan play my favourite scenes. But this happy privilege was closed to me after the opening performance of *The Country Girl.* On that night a group of "extras" had gathered in the entrance near the electrician's switchboard. Someone whispered a jest, and a general titter passed along the line. This distraction added to the nervousness of a "first night," threw the actors off and caused them to "go up in their lines." When the curtain fell two prom-

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inent men in the company seized the stage director and demanded that the first entrance be cleared. The result was that the following day a general edict was issued and my old haunt became forbidden ground.

The scenes were all boxed in above the first entrance and I was quite downcast until I discovered that by climbing up into the "flies" I could see over the top of the set. In *The Shrew* I wore a boy's costume and could easily climb up for my beloved fourth act. But the dirt and difficulty of the narrow stairs barred me from watching Lady Teazle's lovely quarrel scene without risk to the dainty costume I had been so generously given. However, in spite of the contemptuous nickname of "The Fly," which my lofty pilgrimage earned for me, I continued for several days to console myself with this bird's-eye view of the fourth act of *The Shrew*.

One evening after the second act of *The School* the stage manager rapped on my door with a summons for me to go to Miss Rehan at once. I went in trepidation, wondering in what way I had brought Miss Rehan's displeasure upon me. I knocked timidly at the door of her dressing-room, and felt somewhat relieved as Lizzie greeted me in friendly fashion; for Lizzie's manner was a certain barometer of Miss Rehan's mood toward anyone. Miss Rehan turned from her dressing table: "Child, why

MISS ADA REHAN

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don't I see you any more in the first entrance during the second act of *The School* or the fourth act of *The Shrew?*"

I stood for an instant in dumb amazement, as I did not know she had ever noticed me there. Here was another of those revealing flashes of keen observation. Then I explained. The stage manager was summoned at once. To my inexpressible joy I heard Miss Rehan direct him to admit me to the first entrance and to see that a chair was provided for me whenever I wished to watch the play. Then she added to me: "If there is anyone in my company who cares enough about acting to wish to watch and learn they are to have the opportunity. How else are the *young* people to grow?"

I was as ecstatic but far more inarticulate than Cinderella when the fairy godmother turned her pumpkin into a coach. However, I think that my happy figure in that first entrance night after night must have told Miss Rehan all that I could not formulate into words.

It was understood when we opened that Miss Rehan was to play nothing shorter than week-stand engagements. But the theatrical booking war was at its height and the management found it impossible to secure consecutive city time. Miss Rehan was not well, and I think would have infinitely preferred cancelling the season to enduring the hardships of one-night stands. However, it was characteristic of her that rather than throw her company out of work she finally agreed to do some eight weeks of one-night engagements. People outside the theatre have little realisation of what a hardship this constant travel is to the smaller salaried members of a company. Even the best hotels are none too good, but the second or third rate accommodations, which the slender pay envelope necessitates, are a menace to health. Our schedule was particularly difficult, catching trains at from four to six A. M. and travelling until two or three in the afternoon.

It was zero weather, and when we finally reached a town it meant being transferred from a draughty train to a cold and dismal hotel. A desolate group we were, contemplating the prospect of eight weeks of such fare, when our horizon was suddenly brightened by word from Miss Rehan. She invited the women members of her company to travel on her special car and offered the services of her chef and waiter. We were to pay only the actual cost of food. On particularly difficult jumps this same courtesy was extended to the men. Owing to Miss Rehan's generosity the most insignificant members of her company travelled luxuriously at the ridiculously small cost of a dollar a day. I have known many stars who were superficially more social in their personal contact with certain members of their companies; but I have never known another star who was so fundamentally and genuinely solicitous of the well-being and comfort of every member of the company as to relinquish the freedom of her own special car for the confinement of a tiny stateroom.

I felt always that it was in the essentials, not the surface things, that Miss Rehan related herself to others. She seldom came out of her stateroom, but would occasionally send for some member of the company to come to her. It was usually to give a helpful suggestion in relation to work. One afternoon she sent for a young girl who had rare beauty of the Rossetti type, which she practically negated by dressing in a cheaply ostentatious imitation of the latest mode. After her talk she related with some amusement how Miss Rehan had advised her to study Burne Jones's paintings as a basis for her own costuming. It was the one thing that might have made even an unimaginative manager appreciate her pictorial possibilities. But this feather-brain, who would have accepted unquestioningly the edict of a Poiret, was too obsessed by superficial Broadway standards to utilise this wise word of a great artist.

I was again aware of Miss Rehan's generous and all-seeing eye when she sent for me shortly before the company closed.

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It seemed that at rehearsals she had seen me making cuttings of the plays corresponding to those she used. And just as she restored the opportunity for me to watch the play again, so now she gave me copies of the acting version of a number of plays in her repertoire which had been privately printed by Augustin Daly. But my dearest token of all those memorable weeks in her company is a transcript of the prompt book of the *Taming of the Shrew*. I wonder how even her generosity and helpfulness dared trust the precious original into my hands the weeks I was copying the stage directions line for line.

Two weeks before we were to appear in Madison, Wisconsin, Miss Rehan sent for me and offered to let me play one of the more important women rôles in my home town. Though I preferred not to do anything different there than elsewhere, I have always held very dear this memory of her generous thoughtfulness.

Of the many times I watched Miss Rehan's Katharine, her performance the night we played in Madison stands out above all the others. Those in the company who had been with her at Daly's said it was like the most brilliant of the old days. Every seat in the theatre was sold and standing room was at a premium. The audience gave Miss Rehan an ovation and she rose to their loving appreciation with elemental fire and winged comedy that have rendered all other Katharines like babbling brooks to the memory of Niagara.

She had invited my father and mother to come back after the performance. When they expressed their deep gratitude for all the happiness she had given them that night and in the years past, her eyes filled with tears as she said this was to be her last season. My father protested that she had no right to withdraw her magic from people's lives. Her face lighted for a moment in appreciation of the sincerity and intensity of my father's feeling and then she sighed.

"Oh, Mr. La Follette, I am an old woman."

"Your gift of comedy is eternal youth, Miss Rehan."

A wistful smile shadowed the quivering corners of her wonderful mouth before she answered:

"Oh, I don't mean these white hairs, but old here," and her hand rested on her heart.

The curtain had fallen. The comedy had flown. We bade her good-night with aching hearts and a burning resentment that some deep lack in our country could have let this happen to our Ada Rehan, when the adoration of France had endowed a much older artist with abiding youth.

FINIS

BY BENJAMIN F. LEGGETT

O Earth! Our lives are but a day;
About thy mother-feet we creep,
Till tired at last of all our play,
We nestle in thy breast and sleep.

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H. G. WELLS: NOVELIST AND PROPHET*

BY JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

I

To an American or Englishman, there seems little difference between the two phrases, "the German Emperor," and the "Emperor of Germany"; but to a subject of the Kaiser there is a distinction which is politically fundamental. In the same way, to the average mind there may seem little difference between "the first literary figure of his time" and the "first figure in the literature of his time"; but the fact remains that there is a vital distinction all the same. Mr. Kipling and Mr. Galsworthy might well dispute with Mr. Wells any claim advanced by himself or his advocates to literary primacy in contemporary England. But there is nobody, so far as I know, with the exception of Mr. Shaw, who could dispute his dominant position as the first figure in the world of modern English letters. I personally would give Mr. Wells high rank among the writers of our day from the standpoint even of the rather narrow and precise canons of pure literature. In fecundity, variety, style, imagination, comprehension of character, fertility of resource, he is surpassed by few of his contemporaries. But no one of these qualities, nor all of them together, lift him to his present unique eminence. It is as an observer, critic, interpreter of men and events, prophet of new standards and freer ways, quickener of thought, wonder and abounding hope, that H. G. Wells outclasses, to my mind, all the men and women of to-day who are using the agencies of literature as their chosen medium of expression and influence. He amuses, charms, inspires, like many another of his kind; but he is alone in his ability to enlighten, suggest, reveal, stimulate, prompt speculation, plant new ideas, and open up new vistas of the spirit. When all other contemporary writings, with certain exceptions still unguessed, are unread and largely forgotten, *Tono-Bungay, The New Machiavelli, Passionate Friends, The World Set Free,* and *The Research Magnificent,* will hold their place, not as landmarks of literature perhaps, but as unforgettable "tracts of the times." For just as it is impossible for ourselves, so will it also be impossible for the historian of the future, to understand this age without a more or less intimate knowledge of these books. Hence their abiding significance, and the pre-eminence of the man who has written them!

II

No study of H. G. Wells would give adequate idea of his significance which did not approach him from the standpoint of his development. He has been emphatically a man of periods or moods; and his work an illustration of the changing and therefore incalculable impulses of what M. Bergson has called the *élan vitale.* Never at any time has Mr. Wells been in *statu quo*—always has he been questioning, wondering, suggesting, and therefore moving. And yet, devious as have been his ways of thought, three separate epochs of evolution may be distinguished and defined with some degree of accuracy.

At the outset, Mr. Wells showed himself to be a story-teller pure and simple. He was a romancer, telling his tale for the sheer joy of telling it, and therefore telling it well. In *The Time Machine* (1895), *The Wonderful Visit* (1895),

*Current opinion of Mr. Wells must be sought in the reviews which have followed the publication of his many books; and in one very suggestive essay in criticism, *H. G. Wells: A Biography,* by J. D. Beresford, published by Henry Holt.

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The Island of Dr. Moreau (1896), *The Invisible Man* (1897), *The War of the Worlds* (1898), we have books which are primarily stories of wonder and fantastic adventure. They are more than this as well. Thus *The Time Machine* is an audacious speculation as to the coming degeneracy of mankind and involution of organic life. *The Wonderful Visit* is an ironical presentation of the existing discrepancy between precept and practice, as revealed by the observations of an angel temporarily visiting upon the earth. *The Island of Dr. Moreau* is a suggested answer to the enquiry as to whether the biological evolution of the human species could be accelerated by some miracle of surgery. *The Invisible Man* raises the not new question as to what a man could see and do if he were invisible. *The War of the Worlds* presents a stupendous picture of a possible war between the earth and Mars. But in all of these books the story is the great thing. Inevitably they remind us, from this point of view, of the writings of Jules Verne. In depiction of character, understanding of human psychology, accuracy of scientific knowledge, and daring utilisation of this knowledge in the conception of strange mechanical devices and marvellous controls of physical forces, Wells is immeasurably the superior of his French rival. But in love of adventure, absorption in fantastic speculation, interest in the struggle of man against the cosmic forces of space and time, to say nothing of sheer skill of narration, the two are not unfairly compared. Had Mr. Wells died, or laid down his pen, in 1900, it is as a romancer of scientific fantasy that he would have been remembered.

It is about this time (1900) that Mr. Wells must be described as entering upon his second stage of literary development, which lasted until 1909. During these years he is predominantly not the story-teller, but the sociologist. His interest is now fixed not on the fascinating task of spinning a good yarn, but on the more serious task of studying, interpreting and if possible solving what we know to-day as "the social problem." He continues to write stories very similar in outward details to his earlier publications; but as time goes on the romantic side of these stories becomes increasingly subordinate to the sociological; and the most notable books given to the world during this period are not novels at all, but serious essays on political, economic and religious subjects.

The presence of the sociologist in the novelist was suggested in Mr. Wells's first story, *The Time Machine,* wherein he presented the possibly recessive conditions of future society. What was here only adumbrated, so to speak, in the form of social prophecy, was almost wholly lost in the writings of the next few years. But it reappeared, this time as a full revelation, and therefore as marking the opening of a new period of Wellsian evolution, in *When the Sleeper Wakes* (1899). In this book we are transported, by an extraordinarily vivid picture of trance-experience, into the year 2100 A.D., and the society existing upon earth at this far-distant date. Almost at once the story becomes little more than a handy vehicle for the study of the problem of capital and labour in the light of possible developments out of present day social tendencies. It is a tract, and not a story. And all of Mr. Wells's romances from this time on are exclusively of this type. *In the Days of the Comet* (1906), *The War in the Air* (1908), and the most recent of the list, *The World Set Free* (1914), are stories with a purpose, and the purpose is plainly of greater import to the author's mind than the story. Indeed so unnecessary, if not distractive, does the device of story-telling appear at this time that he practically abandons it altogether. Whereas in the five years from 1895 to 1899 Mr. Wells produced no less than eleven volumes of romance, in the nine years from 1900 to 1909 he produced only eight, and many of these, like the rollicking *Bealby* of two years ago, have the appearance of being a kind of relief from serious and sober work—the product of the play-hours of a busy

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mind. The characteristic and important books of this period, at any rate, are *Anticipations,* "a study of the reaction of mechanical and scientific progress upon human life and thought"; *Mankind in the Making* (1903); *A Modern Utopia* (1905), a presentation of "a new republic" or ideal society; *The Future in America* (1906), the fruit of Mr. Wells's only visit to this country; *First and Last Things* (1907), "a confession of faith and rule of life"; and *New Worlds for Old* (1908), a statement of Wellsian socialism. The skilful and fascinating romancer seems by this time almost completely swallowed up by the earnest student, eager propagandist, stalwart fighter for the new and better social order of the future.

III

The story-teller, however, was not dead. More correct would it be to say that he was not yet born. For it was only in the year 1909, which saw the publication of *Tono-Bungay* and *Ann Veronica,* that the Wells whom we know to-day as the first figure in the literature of our time made his appearance. Anticipations of what was coming might have been seen in such earlier writings as *The Wheels of Chance* (1896), *Love and Mr. Lewisham* (1900), and *Kipps* (1905), had anybody thought enough about these books to study them with care. But it was only when that wonderful book, *Tono-Bungay,* burst upon the world, and a little later, in the same year, that amazing "modern love story," *Ann Veronica,* that the world awoke to the fact that a third and greatest period in the development of H. G. Wells's genius had opened. It is in this period that Mr. Wells still lives and writes, and has made, as he is still making, his supreme contributions to the literature and thought of our day. Now and again he returns to his earlier love of the fantasy, as in *The World Set Free* (1914), and his prolific pen still demands expression in the familiar essay-form, as in *Social Forces in England and America* (1914). But the characteristic books of this last period—the great ones of Mr. Wells's career—*The History of Mr. Polly* (1910), *The New Machiavelli* (1910), *Marriage* (1912), *The Passionate Friends* (1913), *The Wife of Sir Isaac Harmon* (1914), and, last and greatest of them all, *The Research Magnificent* (1915), are of a type distinct. Indeed, these books are so apart not only from all that Mr. Wells has done in previous years, but from all other novels of his time, that it is hardly an exaggeration to say that their appearance marks the turning of a new page not only in the career of their author but in the history of English fiction as well.

In this third and climactic period, Mr. Wells is a realist; and his stories, novels of ideas. He is as skilful a story-teller as ever; the development from the romancer to the realist in fiction registers a measurable gain in literary power. But gone forever are the artificial settings, the mechanical miracles, the cosmic cataclysms, the fantastic plunges into future æons. Mr. Wells now deals with life in its contemporary realistic phases, with men and women in the environment not of future wonders but of present-day commonplaces, especially with ideas which arise not from the audacious speculations of applied science but from the sordid conditions of inward distraction and outward disorder which comprise so large a part of modern existence. Gone forever also is the story for the story's sake. Adventure, sentiment, fantasy, still have their place in his pages. Character and incident again constitute the warp and woof of his literary production. The essayist, who proceeded from the romancer, has now in turn unfolded into the novelist in the stricter sense of that word. But the story, already subordinated in the later romances to the purpose, now yields completely to the sway of ideas. By some critics this is described as a perversion of the novel, or its spoliation as a work of art. A good story, well begun, breaks down midway in its course, or disappears before the wanton intrusion of discursive discussions on all sorts and conditions of psychological and

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sociological topics. By others, however, as by myself, this phenomenon would be described rather as the emergence of a fresh creation in the field of fiction. Mr. Wells in this last period has developed a new type of novel, the essay in fiction form—a type suggested by George Eliot, perhaps, but only clearly conceived and fashioned by himself. Maturing his superb art as a literary craftsman, he has focussed all his gifts of keen analysis, graphic phrase, lucid and graceful style, upon the tremendous problem of the individual set in the midst of the infinite complexities of our present-day industrial civilisation. He is now pre-eminently not a man of daring fantasy, nor a propagandist of social theory, but an observer of human facts, an interpreter of human motives, a questioner of human traditions, a critic of human tendencies, a realist who seeks ideals and an idealist who fronts realities. Beginning as an artist who sought only to amuse, he became a teacher who sought primarily to instruct, and is now a free, brave, compassionate prophet, who would find and know the truth about the world to-day, that this truth may bring the triumph of "a world set free." This last period, superficially a break with all that has gone before, is in reality a fulfilment of that native genius of criticism and prophecy which was hitherto only growing, or finding its tortuous way to its appointed goal. In 1909, Mr. Wells found himself; and his work since that important year is what constitutes his contribution to our time.

And what is this contribution? What has Mr. Wells, as a novelist of ideas, to say to us about our problems and their solution?

IV

From the first of the didactic fantasies to the most recent of the novels, Mr. Wells is dominated by the one all-inclusive conviction of the disorder, confusion, planlessness of our modern world. Trained in his early years as a scientist, he has never gotten over his discovery of the stupendous forces which are resident in the universe, and of the ability of man to capture, control and direct these forces to the better ordering of his existence. Mr. Wells's early stories, as we have seen, are picturesque speculations as to what might be accomplished by men, in terms of personal and social reconstruction, if they had but the wisdom, patience and courage to put their hands to the task of creative workmanship. His later novels are portrayals of the botch, waste, chaos, which they are actually making of their common life. Never was man so truly able to be the master of his own destiny and the builder of his own world as to-day, and yet, through sheer ignorance or indifference, he leaves things in the mounting disorder which is so supremely the characteristic of our time. Nay, it is worse than this! If man simply let things alone, the natural tendency of the cosmos to uniformity and order might save the situation. But man, as a matter of fact, is not so much ignorant or indifferent, and therefore idle, as he is out-and-out malicious. He utilises natural forces, he builds machines and harnesses energy, he strives to seize and master his world. But he does it to destructive and not constructive ends. Competition and not co-operation, struggle and not concord, hurting and not healing, war and not peace—these are the conditions which prevail. With the result of confusion worse confounded—waste, poverty, disease, wretchedness, blood-letting, death, the order, or disorder, of the day! There is no reason why men should not move in as harmonious relations with one another as the spheres, and their single lives glow with as warm and radiant a light as each separate planet in the skies. On the contrary, there is every reason in the nature of things why they should. Poverty should be abolished, disease conquered, toil lightened, war banished, abundant and happy life freely bestowed upon every son of man. But as a matter of fact, they are not. Humanity has abandoned or muddled its task, and moves therefore as in the realm of "chaos and black night."

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A thousand passages might be quoted from Mr. Wells's many books in illustration of this basic element of his thinking. No one of them all, however, is more incisive than that contained in the "honeymoon" chapter of *The Research Magnificent*. The hero and his bride are travelling in the Balkans, and observing the indescribable political confusion of this sadly stricken area of Europe. These states, says Benham, are a perfect picture in miniature of the social anarchy of modern times. "See the filth of it all," he says, "the toiling discomfort of it all. . . . No man ventures far from his village without arms, everywhere there is fear. . . . See how all this magnificent country lies waste with nothing but this crawling, ugly mockery of human life. . . . Look at the women . . . that party of bent creatures we met yesterday. . . . Look at the cripples we have seen and the mutilated men. . . . This is what men are where there is no power, no discipline, no rule, no responsibility. . . . This is the natural state of man. *This is the world of the bully and the brigand and assassin, the world of the mud-pelter and brawler, the world of the bent woman, the world of the flea and the fly, the open drain and the baying dog. This is what the British sentimentalist thinks a noble state for men.*"

In seeking the cause of this "muddle and cruelty and misery," as he calls it, Mr. Wells goes no farther than to uncover and indict the prevailing stupidity and selfishness of the human heart. Here again the keen observer and remorseless critic is at work. In passage after passage, in book after book, he lays bare, like a surgeon the diseased tissues of the internal organism, the smallness, the meanness, the blindness, of the great mass of men and women. His favourite target, as in *Kipps* and *Mr. Polly*, is "the lower middle class." "Nothing can better demonstrate," says the Highbury gentleman in the latter book, "the collective dulness of our community, the need for a strenuous intellectual revival, than the consideration of that vast mass of useless, uncomfortable, under-educated, under-trained, and altogether pitiable people we contemplate . . . the Lower Middle Class." Even sharper arrows are aimed, as in *The New Machiavelli*, at the cultured and seemingly intelligent upper-class Liberals — "your damned shirking, temperate, sham-efficient, self-satisfied, respectable, make-believe, Fabian-spirited Young Liberals," as Britten calls them, for here hypocrisy takes the place of sheer stupidity. But what he says of these particular classes he applies with more or less ferocity to all men generally. We are beset by fear, indulgence, jealousy. We bask idly in the realms of ignorance and selfish comfort. We glory in our dead traditions and baseless prejudices. Life is disordered because we have never been active enough intellectually to think things through, or brave and self-sacrificing enough emotionally to dare all upon some great constructive venture. We "crib, cabin and confine" large minds and noble natures in the hopeless prison-chambers of custom, because we resent the magnificence of those who in capacity of joy and achievement are able to outstrip their dwarf-like fellows. We insist on keeping life on low levels of experience, because we dare not attempt the heights of vision that tower ahead. We are a sordid, muddle-headed, mean-spirited race; and a world given over to waste, cruelty and needless death is the proof of our decay.

V

It is against this gross disorder of our civilisation and this low stupidity of our minds, that Mr. Wells's books from first to last lift one long, persistent cry of protest. His later fantasies, in which the purpose has usurped the original place of the story, are a prophecy in variant form of the fate which waits upon such chaos. Thus, *When the Sleeper Wakes* presents the picture of the anarchic industrial world, torn by the selfish strife between capital and labour, ending in a universal human slavery to the Giant Trust of Ostrog; and *The World Set Free*, an

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almost uncanny forecasting of the Great War, presents the cataclysm of universal war, in which our existing civilisation is doomed to disappear forever. His realistic novels, on the other hand, are so many different indictments of certain phases of existing life. *Tono-Bungay* is a protest against "the irrational muddle of a community" which bestowed "two million pounds worth of property" on a patent-medicine vendor who "created nothing, invented nothing, encouraged nothing." *Ann Veronica* is a protest against the needless restrictions that hedge about the trained and independent womanhood of our day. *Marriage, The Passionate Friends,* and *The Wife of Sir Isaac Harmon* are protests along similar lines against the mishaps, disorders, disasters inherent in marriage customs which change not with the changing order. *The New Machiavelli* is an amazingly vivid and thoroughgoing protest against politics which are "a kind of dog-fight" instead of a "great constructive process," radicalisms which are dilettante or half-hearted, and artificial moral standards which waste great talents for the sake of empty conventions. As a running commentary on the life of the early twentieth century, with its contradictions, its futilities, its hypocrisies, its slaveries, its material, intellectual and spiritual poverties, these books, quite apart from their value as stories, are immortal documents. To understand this age, without understanding the kind of revolt against its ills represented by a mind like Mr. Wells's, is impossible. Hence the permanent place which this series of novels has already gained and will always hold in the memory of the race.

It is in this observation, criticism, protest, which are inherent in every book which has come from his pen since his early story-telling days, that we find Mr. Wells's chief significance as a figure in contemporary literature. No account of his work, however, would be complete which did not state, however briefly, his attempt at an answer to the questions which he has raised. I say advisedly "attempt," for nothing is more certain than that Mr. Wells has worked out no final philosophy of life, and has no perfect solution, therefore, for the perplexities and sins with which he sees the world to be sadly entangled. It is interesting to take some one particular confusion of modern social relationships, which Mr. Wells has revealed with surpassing acuteness of vision, and note the inadequacy of his answers to his own penetrating enquiries. The question of sex, in all its various ramifications, is a good illustration. Never is Mr. Wells wholly separated from this baffling problem. At times it has seemed as though it had become a kind of obsession with him. In all of his novels, it makes its appearance; and in many, it holds the centre of the stage. But in none is it solved. No man of our time, with the exception of Mr. Shaw, has discussed the manifold phases of the subject with more audacity, imagination and true understanding than H. G. Wells. *The Passionate Friends* is a discussion of unsurpassed beauty, originality and depth of feeling. But no man, without exception, has suggested answers to the questions raised which are more uncertain or illusive. Now, as in *Ann Veronica,* he seems to plead for freedom, and brave revolt against convention. Now, as in *Marriage,* he seems to revert to sober reverence for ancient sanctities. But always he leaves us with the impression of trying out this experiment, and then that, and finally preparing perhaps for still a third. And so with all other problems in his sweeping field of vision. It is in the brilliancy of his diagnosis, rather than the soundness or definiteness of his remedies, that he helps us.

In two directions at least, however, Mr. Wells has not left us without guidance. Two programmes of systematic reform, characteristically inconsistent with one another, he has at various times suggested and outlined.

VI

In the first place, Mr. Wells has given to us the doctrine of aristocracy—the

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dream of a society ordered, developed and led by a small group of men, who from the standpoint of their superior ability and temper, might not unfairly be described as spiritual supermen. This idea he first set forth in *A Modern Utopia,* where he described his famous order of the "Samurai," a natural aristocracy born and bred, like the philosophers in Plato's *Republic,* to the task of moral leadership for the social whole. For a time, thereafter, this resort to the theory of aristocracy as a way of salvation completely disappeared from Mr. Wells's thought. In his *First and Last Things* he definitely recorded his abandonment of the "Samurai." But in his last and greatest book, *The Research Magnificent,* he seems to revert to his Utopian idea. For here again, he seems to find his hope of an ordered and redeemed society in the dream of an arbitrary creation, something after the order this time of mediæval knighthood, of a "conscious and deliberate aristocracy" which shall reach out "to an idea of universal responsibility" for the world. Benham seeks to be such an aristocrat—to realise within himself "the kingship" that shall save mankind. To find "nobility" within himself, to plant this "nobility" in other men, to gather these "nobles" into an order of "nobility," and through this order make the world "a Noble Society"—this is the programme of the magnificent researcher, and, presumably, of his creator, Mr. Wells.

Side by side with this doctrine of aristocracy must be placed what would seem to lie at the opposite pole of thought—namely, socialism. In combining these two ideals, Mr. Wells is perhaps no more inconsistent than Plato; but it is doubtful if he has ever reconciled them in as complete a synthesis as the great Athenian worked out in his *Republic.* Mr. Wells, despite his "Samurai" and "Nobilities," is at heart a socialist, and is generally classified, in so far as he does not defy classification, as a socialist. In his *First and Last Things* he has best set forth his faith in the beauty of the socialist ideal and its power to remake the world and its distracted peoples. In *New Worlds for Old* he has best defined, in systematic form, what his socialism is in theory and in practice. In all his books his socialistic dreams are like an atmosphere pervading the worlds in which his characters live and die. It is plainly a socialism very different from the ordinary dogmas of the schools. There is nothing of the doctrinaire in Mr. Wells. He holds his socialism as a spirit of life rather than as a programme of social change. "Socialism," he says, "is no panacea, no magic 'Open Sesame,' to the millennium. [It] lights up certain once hopeless evils in human affairs, and shows the path by which escape is possible, but it leaves that path rugged and difficult. Socialism is hope, but it is not assurance." Latterly, as in *The Research Magnificent,* the inadequacies and even dangers of socialism seem to be growing upon him. "Socialism betrays a vast insufficiency of practical suggestions," is his word. As taught by party socialists, it is all too often "a mere eloquent gesture, inspiring, encouraging, perhaps, but beyond that not very helpful, toward the vast problem of moral and material adjustment before the race." But, amid all his aristocratic vagaries, he remains a socialist at heart, and even in the *Research* confesses that "of course everybody with any intelligence wants socialism—everybody, that is to say, wants to see all human efforts directed to the common good and a common end."

VII

Such is Mr. Wells's contribution to the problem of solutions. His aristocracy is plainly a reaction from his sweeping estimate of the stupidity and selfishness of men in general; just as his socialism is a reaction from his survey of society's disorder, waste and cruelty. The one registers his faith that "behind the dingy face of this world, the earthy stubbornness, the baseness and dulness of himself and all of us, lurk the burning jewels of heaven, the light of glory, things unspeakable." The other registers his faith that order shall yet be brought out of

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disorder, and a universe of love from a chaos of bitterness and hate. But they are mere suggestions, dreams, flashes of insight and hope, welded into no system of thought, and presenting no programme of advance.

But in just this are they characteristic of Mr. Wells, and sure revelations of his greatness and lack of greatness. Mr. Wells is not a statesman or philosopher. In spite of all his passion for an ordered world he is not constructive. He is an observer, a critic, an analyst, a prophet—at his worst a carping fault-finder, at his best an inspired poet. He has no answers to the swarming problems of the day, any more than Shelley had answers for his time. He is simply a man keenly sensitive to life's restrictions, wrongs, hypocrisies, disorders, gifted with rare powers of revealing expression, and sublimely kindled with a faith in men and a hope for better things. Therefore is *The Research Magnificent* Wells incarnate—the perfect autobiography of the Wellsian spirit and experience. In this we see the world as it is, with all its "massacres, wars, tyrannies, and persecutions," its "famine, disease and beasts," its want which "dwarfs and cripples vast multitudes in the midst of possible plenty." In this we see the dauntless and generous spirit of undying youth in "the research magnificent" for purity of heart and abundance of life. In this we see the answer to all problems—that there is no answer, save as the quest for the ideal, in a world which scoffs, abuses and destroys, is such an answer. When Benham dreams of his "King Invisible, who is the Lord of Truth and all sane loyalty"—tells of his "open conspiracy," which "denies the king upon the stamp and the flag upon the wall . . . the continual proclamation of the Republic of Mankind"—says of his own heroic quest, "On great occasions and small occasions I have failed myself a thousand times, but no failure lasts if your faith lasts. What I have learnt, what I have thought out and made sure, I want now to tell the world"—and then, at the end, perishes in one sublime act of Quixotic sacrifice for dying men—we have what I believe to be the whole of H. G. Wells.

This man is a novelist in literature, but a prophet in the world of humankind. Like his own hero, Benham, he journeys from place to place, reaching no goal, finding no answer, but driven ever by a consuming faith in better days and happier peoples. As he moves, he sees and tells us of the disorder of the world, and the selfishness of men. But always on ahead he keeps his vision of that finer civilisation, that richer and more generous type of life, which some day shall be attained through thought and sacrifice. "There must be lifetimes of building upon and lifetimes of pulling down and trying again. Hopes and disappointments and much need for philosophy. I see myself now for the little workman I am upon this tremendous undertaking. And all my life hereafter goes to serve it."

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THE ADVANCE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

PART X

The leading contemporary Americans—Losses by death and depreciation—James Lane Allen—Charles Stewart—Hamlin Garland—H. K. Viele—Henry Harland—Owen Wister—Winston Churchill—Art and politics—Booth Tarkington—The Indiana School—Jack London—Robert Herrick—H. S. Harrison—Gertrude Atherton—Mary Wilkins—Edith Wharton—Anne Sedgwick—Dorothy Canfield.

SOME Americans of promise have been defeated by death; others have been beaten by their own past. A conspicuous example of the first class is Frank Norris; of the second, James Lane Allen. No matter what one's ambition may be—poetry, engineering, social prestige, dancing, tennis—there are plenty of active and merciless competitors; but the most active and the most merciless is one's own self. The history of athletics is the tragedy of the athlete trying to keep up with himself, and invariably being beaten. The biography of nearly every professional baseball player is the melancholy circle—from oblivion to the minor league to the major league to the minor league to oblivion. He completes this orbit in about the time it takes Jupiter to go once around the sun. But the path of the literary man ought to be as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Seldom is this the case. Blackmore wrote *Lorna Doone*, and spent thirty strenuous years in a losing race with himself. Kipling, in the prime of life, cannot recapture the first, fine, careless rapture—and how earnestly he tries; with what bulldog determination! To produce one work of genius is perhaps enough for a lifetime; and yet there must be the very passion of failure in the realisation that one cannot equal one's past mental achievements. Many authors know in their own hearts what Swift meant when, turning over the pages of *A Tale of a Tub*, he cried out, "Good God, what a genius I had when I wrote that book!"

When *The Choir Invisible* appeared in 1897 it received both in England and in America the acclaim it richly deserved. Since that time Mr. Allen has been led astray from the fields of art by some kind of portentous philosophy. Even a *good* creed will often wreck an artist; but when the light that is in him is darkness, how great is that darkness! To see how far from truth and nature a philosophical scheme will drag a really intelligent writer, one has only to read *The Bride of the Mistletoe* (1909). This story is not meant to be a "gramercy" book; it is not intended to be a high-flown historical romance. No, it describes a modern college professor's conversations with his wife; and they have been married a goodly number of years. Now when a man and a woman have been married ten years, they know each other rather well; whatever the mask worn in public, however successful the man may be in the rhetorical deceit of strangers, at home there is a person on whom this kind of thing won't work. Yet this is the way Mr. Allen's college professor talks to his wife; talks to her when they are alone, without a gallery:

"Josephine, sometimes while looking out of the study window a spring morning, I have watched you strolling among the flowers of the lawn. I have seen you linger near a honeysuckle in full bloom and question the blossoms in your questioning way—you who are always wishing to probe to the heart of things, to drain out of them the red drop of their significance. But, grey-eyed querist of

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actuality, those fragrant trumpets could blow to your ear no message about their origin."

Now what would happen to a man in the twentieth century who should address his wife (when no one else was around) as "grey-eyed querist of actuality"? She would either burst into irrepressible laughter or, after an anxious scrutiny, she would take his temperature.

If this book were the work of some gushing girl—but it isn't; it was written by a trained novelist of distinction, a man who has honestly earned fame by a notable story. Yet to those who are wondering what is the mater with Mr. Allen, *The Bride of the Mistletoe* is instructive and explanatory. To me such rhodomontade in a novel is as unpleasant as sanctimonious cant, or the bunkum we hear from those "friends of the workingman," the candidates for political office.

The American novelist most worthy to fill the particular vacancy caused by the death of Mark Twain is Charles D. Stewart. His literary production is varied, both in subject-matter and in excellence; and he has written two novels that are genuine studies of American life, informed with rich humour—*The Fugitive Blacksmith* (1905) and *Partners of Providence* (1907). In the former, the story of the man left alone with the sheep and driven mad by the stars is art of high sincerity. In the latter, there are two leading characters, the Mississippi and the Missouri. These mighty rivers become mighty personalities. This is the book that in vividness of description, accurate reporting, lively imagination and roaring mirth infallibly reminds the reader of Mark Twain.

Hamlin Garland's *Rose of Dutchers' Coolly* (1898) is his best book. There is a sincerity in its art that is deeply impressive. Some of his short stories, notably *They of the High Trails* (1916), are faithful pictures of the West.

The death of Herman Knickerbocker Viele in 1908 robbed American literature of a brilliant novelist. His *Last of the Knickerbockers* contains pictures of a New York boarding-house worthy of Balzac; it is a novel combining realism, wit and tenderness with a certain delicacy of touch rare on this side of the ocean. His other story, *The Inn of the Silver Moon* (1900), has a grace, humour, and charm worthy of the French scene where it is laid. It seems strange that work of such distinction did not attract more general attention; but Mr. Viele would surely have received adequate recognition if he had lived longer.

The late Henry Harland made an artistic mistake in turning from tragedy to comedy, from the slums of New York to the beauty of the Italian lakes. Financially it was a profitable speculation; for one reader of *As It Was Written* there were a hundred of *The Cardinal's Snuff Box*. His later manner was as agreeable as rich food and sparkling wine; his books were eagerly devoured and speedily forgotten. But some of us can still remember the thrill in reading that story of double personality where the lover stabbed his betrothed in the night, and was overwhelmed with horror and amazement to find her body in the morning. "Sydney Luska" was a more impressive writer than Henry Harland—and it was a pity that he joined the marshmallow school.

Owen Wister, in *The Virginian,* succeeded in accomplishing a difficult task. He produced a "best seller" that continues to sell. This admirable novel was the American literary sensation of the year 1902, and unlike most sensations, has not been forgotten. Had the work contained more unity, had the different episodes been more skilfully welded, we might have seen a classic. As it is we have one of the best works of American fiction of the twentieth century, incomparably better than anything else its author has achieved, though his other books —especially *Philosophy Four*—are not without distinction.

Mr. Winston Churchill produced *Richard Carvel* in 1899, and his steady production of "C" novels that have followed at regular intervals has been one continuous stream of popular success. He is far more a *representative* of mod-

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ern American literature than he is a leader of it; for he is surely as remarkable for his limitations as for his virtues. He has learned how to write novels by writing them; he has become a finished expert. His stories are really high-class journalism; he reports with considerable accuracy the salient features of American social, political and religious life. His characters are chosen, not created; they are chosen to represent the ideas that Mr. Churchill wishes to convey to his readers. An honest and high-minded man, with the unmistakable temperament of a reformer, Mr. Churchill seems to feel the responsibility of his popularity. As he sits down at his desk to begin a new novel, he has the comforting and also terrifying assurance that five hundred thousand people will read and discuss the sentences he writes in solitude. He must do something to improve the world. Thus his novels are becoming more and more didactic. His finest work is seen in *Coniston* (1906), and even there he is more "progressive" than artistic. In the *Inside of the Cup* (1913) he devoutly, reverently, and energetically attacked the modern church; in *A Far Country* (1915), which comes dangerously near the limbo of tedium, he attacked the modern conditions of commercial life. If he does not change his tactics he may share the fate of Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose so-called novels have sunk under an accumulation of excess baggage. She has too much freight for the engine. Mr. Churchill's literary style lacks distinction; his characters have little vitality; his pages have no humour and no charm. But his books are discussions of subjects that interest the public at the moment when they appear; and they are an accurate mirror of public sentiment. The historian of the future could obtain a pretty good idea of "the state of the public mind" from 1900 to 1915 by reading them.

Strange and sad that he should have political ambition—wish to be a member of the legislature—aspire to success as a public speaker. America is in no need of politicians or of orators; what America needs is artists. It is more important that we should produce a great novelist, a great musician, a great poet, a great painter than it is for anyone to be elected president. We can get along with any kind of a president; we have to; but we cannot get along without artists. Men of letters and great artists are the lights of a nation; they are what make it great; they are what give it a place in history. Those who love their country ought to rejoice more at the appearance of an original literary genius than at any amount of battleships or any number of "bumper" crops. Art is more important than politics, because it is concerned solely with those things that are eternal. One day John Morley met Dante Gabriel Rossetti walking on the street; it was the very day when a general election was in progress. To the consternation of Mr. Morley, Rossetti had not only failed to vote, but he was unaware that an election was going on. "Well, I suppose one side or the other will get in, and I don't suppose it makes much difference which,"—and Mr. Morley now says that although he was greatly shocked at the time, he cannot for the life of him remember which *did* get in, seeming to prove that Rossetti was right. When Napoleon was trampling Germany under foot, Goethe went right along producing novels, lyrics, dramas; and time has proved the correctness of his judgment. He could not take his mind off really important things for the sake of what was transitory.

Mr. Churchill has decided literary gifts. He can do much more for America by cultivating them than by joining the army of political workers.

Booth Tarkington has exactly what Winston Churchill has not—humour, charm, lightness of touch, a certain winsomeness of style as pervasive as sunshine. The difference between the two men is immediately apparent when we compare *Mr. Crewe's Career* with *The Gentleman from Indiana*. If we could make an amalgam out of Churchill, Tarkington, Harrison, Herrick, and Jack London, we should have a great American

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novelist; and every man of the five would make a distinct and valuable contribution to the fusion. *Richard Carvel* and *The Gentleman from Indiana* were published the same year, 1899, one a historical romance, in the correct fashion of the moment, the other a realistic portrayal of journalistic and political life in a small town. Since that date these two popular favourites have written side by side, unconsciously inviting comparative criticism. In choosing between them the public has taken both.

Such novels as *The Conquest of Canaan* (1905) and *The Guest of Quesnay* (1908) are good stories well told, without any other significance and without any permanent value. It is rather interesting that in the year 1915 our two novelists should each have produced a book that is intended to be, and is, an indictment of modern American conditions in the commercial life of big cities. Now there is surely more humanity in *The Turmoil* than in *A Far Country*. The hero of the latter novel is a mechanism merely, a representative of the evil tendencies condemned by the author; whereas in *The Turmoil,* both father and son are real persons, full of individuality. This story is a skilful accusation of the American love of bigness, with its concomitant evils of smoke, dirt, noise, especially noise. The son is as unlike his father as the sons of rich Americans are likely to be: in the end the enormous distance between them is spanned by the longest bridge in the universe—love. The son is so much like the author of the novel that we hope his apparent surrender to big business at the end does not mean the surrender of Mr. Tarkington to the demands of the reading public. Four or five years ago I feared that the brilliant gifts of this Hoosier were going to be degraded to the production of the girl-model of the year—he is much too able a writer to become a caterer and to fall under the temptation of immediate success. As the German dramatist remarked when he wrote his first play full of high ideals, "The public is a Hydra"; but when he found that the way to quick returns was to please the public, he said cynically, "The public is not a Hydra; it is a milch cow." Many of our novelists have discovered this truth; the author gets from such a public rich payment and bovine appreciation; as the cow chews its cud in perfect contentment, so the healthy young girls chew their gum as they turn the pages in sweet delight.

The Turmoil is the most ambitious and on the whole the best of Mr. Tarkington's novels; without too much didacticism, it is an unsparing and honest diagnosis of the great American disease. Its author has proved that he can write a novel full of cerebration without losing any of his charm. In spite of that delightful miniature historical romance, *Monsieur Beaucaire,* Mr. Tarkington is a realist; he hates pretense, sham, cant in just the way a typical undergraduate hates them; perhaps if he did not hate them so much, perhaps if his sense of humour were not such a conservative force in his nature, he might attain to even higher ground. In his study of the American boy, *Penrod,* we see his shrewd knowledge of life and his original mirth-sense. The first half of the book is second-rate; it seems like a copy of some original; but the second half is wonderful, with its feeling for reality as against cant; and those two nigger-boys are worthy of Mark Twain at his best. The sense of fact is the dominant quality in Booth Tarkington, as it was in Mark Twain. It accounts for his artistic virtues, and for his lack of range. But *The Turmoil* proves that he is growing in spiritual grace.

Every man and woman over fifty ought to read *Seventeen.* It is not only a skilful analysis of adolescent love, it is, with all its side-splitting mirth, a tragedy. No mature person who reads this novel will ever seriously regret his "lost youth" or wish he were young again.

Perhaps it is natural that New York newspapers should have their jest at the expense of the so-called "Indiana School." For my part, I have for this group of writers only wonder and praise; wonder, that in the particular State of

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Indiana—why not in Illinois, Ohio, Kentucky, or Missouri?—a group of authors should appear, each of whom has an individual excellence; praise, because their actual merit, as compared with average American production, is so high. Edward Eggleston, Maurice Thompson, Lew Wallace, James Whitcomb Riley, Booth Tarkington, Meredith Nicholson, George Ade—these are all justly honoured names. And unlike as their personalities are, their work has one common distinguishing mark, literary honesty. Edward Eggleston's *Hoosier School Master* (1871) is a truthful picture of life, with scenes and characters of extraordinary vitality. I have not read the book for forty years, but at this moment I can see the schoolmaster taking off his coat to fight the husky Bud Means, and the general surprise at the spelling-match when the teacher was selected instead of the local champion—wasn't his name Jeems Phillips? Nor shall I forget my delight when I picked up, fresh from the press, a copy of *Fables in Slang,* and wondered who the author was, whether or not George Ade was his real name, and if so, how it was pronounced? Those *Fables* are acute criticisms of American life. I venture to say that entirely apart from their humour, they constitute a more valuable handbook for fathers and mothers who are worried about their children—and what ones are not?—than any of the common moral treatises on the subject. I feel sure that these *Fables* would be better for school-teachers to study than many of the works on pedagogy.

The flannel-shirted novelist, Jack London, has never written anything nearly so good as his *Call of the Wild* (1903), though the early chapters of *The Sea Wolf* (1904) are brilliantly executed. When I began to read that story, the scenes at the start, the tumbling into the icy waters of the bay, the helplessness of the critic of Poe's literary style in the presence of the Wolf, I thought I was at last reading the great American novel—but when I came to the love scenes and the seal scenes, then I knew I was not. During the great and fleeting popularity of the "red-blood" school, an intense love of which is a sure indication of effeminacy, Jack London stood high in favour. Such phrases as "red corpuscles" (whatever that may mean), "male ardour," "sheer brutality," were quite in fashion; indeed they were the dying kicks of a pseudo-romanticism—instead of being a sign of vitality, they were evidences of the last convulsion. To read a book like *White Fang* is to feel like a cannibal, crunching bones and bolting blood. Yet Jack London is a man of letters; he has the true gift of style, so rare and so unmistakable; if he would forget his social and political creed, and lower his voice, he might achieve another masterpiece. Meanwhile let us be grateful for *The Call of the Wild,* a story that no other man could have written.

Is there a living writer more unlike Jack London than Robert Herrick? One born at San Francisco, the other at Cambridge—one a tramp by instinct and choice, the other a Harvard graduate and college professor. The last thing to say of Mr. Herrick's art would be that it lacked virility; but its virility is never forced on the reader, just as its author never shouts in public. His strength is a subdued strength; the virtues of his literary style are quiet; his literary attitude is ironical—of which the advertisement of fire-proof construction in the midst of the devouring flames is an excellent illustration. I sometimes think the best thing he has written is the short story called *The Professor's Opportunity.* It is a work of pessimism, a remorseless study of the sordid side of academical life, of the meanness of teaching, of the relations between the Assistant Professor who cannot live on his salary and the college President who is a liar—not a natural liar, but made perfect in deceit through the exigencies of his office. The picture is not a pleasant one, and the emphasis is harsh, but those who read Mr. Herrick's novels for pleasure are bound to be disappointed. Wormwood, wormwood.

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Every author has a right to surprise us by producing something "different"; but what did Mr. Herrick mean by writing *His Great Adventure?* This is a work worthy of the late Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth.

Of all American authors who have made their début in the twentieth century, I regard Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison as the most promising. In January, 1911, no one had ever heard of him; by December everybody was talking about him. One novel, *Queed,* made the difference between obscurity and fame. I think *Queed* deserved all its success. It is a real novel, with a real plot, and real characters. The construction, the weakest point in most contemporary works of fiction, is particularly brilliant; from the first to the final bark of the pleasure-dog the story progresses in natural evolution. The only thing that seems like artifice is the too patent opposition of the clever young politician and the despised pedant; one increases in exact proportion to the other's decrease, so that at a certain moment they pass each other. But the hero is quite original in modern fiction, as original as Browning's *Grammarian* in poetry; all readers are stimulated by his spiritual advance.

The next book, *V. V.'s Eyes* (1913), despite its unpromising title, indicated no falling off. The conquest of a woman of the world by a Christian hero is not unknown in fiction, and was a favourite device in the novels of Dostoevski; it has been recently tried with success by Anne Sedgwick in *The Encounter;* its piquancy seemed to be felt by Bernard Shaw in *Androcles and the Lion.* The contrast has every dramatic possibility, and they are made the most of by Mr. Harrison. But apart from the main theme, this novel abounds in scenes of the liveliest humour and charm; scenes equalled for their truth in humourous details only by William De Morgan. Yet the actual power of the book lies in its artistic handling of a great driving moral idea—the idea of Christian unselfishness, of the old paradox of saving one's life by losing it. The way in which countless little details are accumulated, every one of which aids in the development of the central thought of the book, is worthy of high praise. Mr. Harrison is something more than a clever novelist; he is a valuable ally of the angels.

His third novel, *Angela's Business* (1915), is distinctly inferior to its predecessors; inferior in construction, in characterisation, in human interest. It is too timely to wear the marks of permanence; and it completely lacks the freshness, the spontaneous charm of *Queed.* That novel was written apparently because the author could not hold on to it any longer; in writing it, he simply released something from his soul. Now, *Angela's Business* is the work of a professional novelist, from whom a new book is due; he selects his subject, and proceeds to cover white paper. There are, however, two notable features of this story which make me glad it was published; first, the leading lady is not the heroine. Angela deceives not only her family, her acquaintances, but what is much more difficult, she deceives the reader. Of course it is a familiar process of Mr. Harrison to present a character to his readers with a complimentary introduction, only to have the stuff depreciate on our hands; there is no sudden shock of disappointment or amazement, there is simply the slow change in our attitude from admiration to contempt—caused by a thousand details rather than by one catastrophe, as in typical melodrama. The transformation is accomplished in a consummate manner. After reading the first chapter, no one would believe that this girl would or could develop as she does; yet at the end of the book both natural and moral values are correct.

The woman question—which no man can escape nowadays—is from one point of view finally disposed of here; which makes me regard *Angela's Business* as the best contribution to the whole question of feminism that I have seen in any work of fiction. It is much easier to

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write about woman than about woman-suffrage—that is, easier for a poet or a novelist; for woman-suffrage is not naturally malleable for purposes of art, while woman is and always has been an ideal subject. Mr. Harrison settles the question not from the point of view of feminism, but femininity; he proves to us that "womanly" women are so, not because of their occupation or because of their opinions, but because of themselves. An ardent suffragette may be full of delicate charm; and a frivolous woman may lack every vestige of attractive force. This ought to be axiomatic, but is not; Mr. Harrison's solution of the problem is not only the only correct one, but one that pros and antis should study with attention. As to whether or not women should have the ballot, Mr. Harrison leaves that question where he found it. His moral is that women need not fear to have opinions because of the danger of losing their charm—since many have neither opinions nor charm.

I have not read any book by Mr. Harrison without immediately wishing for another. He has won already an enviable place in contemporary literature, and of all our young writers, he seems to have the largest natural endowment.

Of our American woman novelists, Gertrude Atherton and Mary Wilkins (Freeman) have been before the public for about a quarter of a century, and we know something of their range, force, and quality. Mary Wilkins has shown better judgment than Mrs. Atherton in sticking closely to a certain field; narrowing her scope, while gaining in intensity. If one picks out almost at random from Mrs. Atherton's long list of publications *Senator North* (1900), *The Conqueror* (1902) and *Tower of Ivory* (1910), one sees at a glance the almost impossible space that this interesting and ambitious writer has attempted to cover. Her personality is more interesting than her novels; I find her "views" and her pungent letters to the newspapers more exciting reading than her formal works. She would perhaps make a deeper impression on contemporary literature if her novels hit the same mark more often, if she were identified in the public mind with some particular literary manner, some artistic point of view—consider the success of Eden Phillpotts, without mentioning an original genius like Thomas Hardy! Nor can I agree with Mrs. Atherton in her spirited attacks on Mr. Howells and the American novel in general; for surely there is more actual truth in *The Rise of Silas Lapham* than in *Tower of Ivory*.

Many years ago I was invited to a literary "tea" in Boston, which confirmed my worst fears. Fourth and fifth class writers were present, each surrounded by satellites; other persons, of more ambition than capacity and more conceit than either, appeared in strange garments and talked in accents not of this world—one young man, I remember, wore a Greek gown! As George Moore would say, all that an ordinary man could do on beholding such a spectacle would be to shout *Great God!* and leave for some human destination. I was about to do this, when I saw in a corner a quiet, normal young woman, who was talking with a natural expression on her face. I enquired, and was told, "Oh, that's Mary Wilkins," as though she were the janitress. It was indeed Mary Wilkins; incomparably the most distinguished person in the room, looking as true to life as one of her New England characters.

Every line in the books of Miss Wilkins reads as though it had come out of the author's actual experience. She is primarily truthful, and never prepares an artificial effect—never sacrifices reality for sensation. Her novels are histories; histories of New England localities and of New England people. Such books as *Pembroke* (1894), *The Portion of Labor* (1901), and *The Shoulders of Atlas* (1908) are uncompromisingly faithful to fact. The last-named is indeed an experimental novel in the manner of Zola; just as honest, just as conscientious, just as unflinching as he. Only, while she represents the filth and sordidness of poverty, she also

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represents the love that dignifies and ennobles it. Religious aspiration and family love are exactly as "true to life" as the dirt on a man's boots—just as the unspeakable affection that exists between a man and a woman who have been married forty years, strengthened every day by the sight of each other's grey hairs, is as much of a fact as the animal passion that draws together young lovers. One cannot emphasise too strongly just now that a picture of life which is all sordidness is not a true picture; Gorki, for example, represents workers coming out of a factory with only one expression on every face, the sodden despair of hopeless weariness. But if one will stand at the gates of any factory in the world when the workers are released, he will see that Gorki is not telling the truth; they do not *all* have that expression, or look that way. There is plenty of misery in evidence; but many of the men and women act like boys and girls just let out of school; they are laughing, joking, and full of mirth. I request any fair-minded critic to read Gorki's *Mother* and Miss Wilkins's *The Shoulders of Atlas* consecutively, and then to declare which of the two novels is more true to humanity and to the facts of human existence.

At this moment Edith Wharton stands by common consent at the head of all living American women who write books; indeed there are many who say she is our foremost novelist. From this decision, handed down constantly in our magazines and reviews, I find myself forced to dissent. She has produced only one masterpiece, *Ethan Frome* (1911), giving only one aspect of country life, but presenting that in a wonderful technique. Yet even in this story I am unconvinced, for I am certain that the lovers never would have taken that coast to perdition; in real life they would have thought about it, as we all think of jumping off high places—without actually jumping. The story is, however, a grey masterpiece, a little group of miserable people living forever under a gunmetal sky.

Although *The Valley of Decision* (1902) attracted considerable attention, it was not until the appearance of *The House of Mirth* (1905) that Mrs. Wharton's popularity became general. Unlike most of her stories, no unusual intelligence is required to understand or to appreciate *The House of Mirth;* and no unusual intelligence was required to write it. A tale of exaggerated intensity, ending in melodrama. The two books that followed in 1907, *Madame de Treymes* and *The Fruit of the Tree,* illustrate the author's versatility; the former has great dignity, the latter none whatever. Indeed *The Fruit of the Tree* is a failure, both artistically and morally; we are evidently meant to sympathise with the second wife, which is impossible, because she is a murderer. I do not refer to her overt act of murder when Bessy was helpless, for there it is possible to admire her courage in taking the responsibility; no, I mean her reference to the wild horse in Bessy's presence; the moment she mentions that dangerous beast, she is guilty of murder.

Next to *Ethan Frome,* I think Mrs. Wharton's best novel is *The Reef* (1912); it has an excellent plot, and what is rare in her books, none of the characters is overdrawn. As for *The Custom of the Country* (1914), as a work of satire it is powerful, though immensely exaggerated; and the scorn exhibited for American social ideals and American social life shows exceeding bitterness. Mrs. Wharton is a good hater; if her sense of humour and her powers of human sympathy were developed in like measure with her capacity for hate, disgust, and irony, what a novelist she would be! She has all the intellectual gifts, all the purely mental endowment, without any spiritual force; there is from the first page to the last of all her novels that I have read no whisper of divine influence; positively no recognition of anything unseen and eternal; *she knows you not, ye heavenly powers!* I am not scolding her for this, I am merely mentioning it. Suppose she had even a touch of the spirituality and loving sympathy

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of Dostoevski, what a difference it would make in the manner of her work! Her range is limited by the boundaries of this world.

Apart from that vital loss in all her work, I find *The Custom of the Country* too overdrawn to be either a good novel or a really effective satire. If her purpose was to contrast American with foreign sentiment, one has only to remember Henry James's *The American,* where the same task is accomplished in a more powerful way. After finishing *The Custom of the Country,* one really ought to read *The American;* I am sure that the contrast would be instructive.

Anne Sedgwick (Mrs. de Sélincourt) is a novelist who is attracting more thoughtful attention every year, and of whom Americans are becoming increasingly proud. She has had only one popular success, *Tante* (1911), a novel of strong dramatic quality, but decidedly inferior to *A Fountain Sealed* (1907). The two books have one thing in common, disillusion. What makes this writer so fond of the study of vampires? Tante is an artistic vampire; the young philanthropist is a moral vampire. What power of selfishness is displayed, what cruelty, what misconception of one's place in the universe! And what calm, intellectual joy Miss Sedgwick takes in very gradually stripping these goddesses! Where did she learn this particular art? who taught her such a lesson of bitterness?

In her novel *The Encounter* (1914) we have the philosopher Nietzsche as one of the leading characters. This extraordinary book has an absolutely negligible plot, almost no plot at all—indeed it is not a story, it is a problem. And the interest of the problem lies not at all in the incidents or in the course of events, but in the clash of character on character—really in the clash of moral ideals. Only the other day a clever American woman was asked what stand she took on the American sale-of-munitions to the allies; and she replied sadly, "I don't know where I stand on any question." There are times when all the great questions of life seem to leave honest persons in mere bewilderment; happy are those who have no trouble in making up their minds! The various kinds of *Anschauungen* are illustrated in *The Encounter* by powerful personalities, whom the young girl actually encounters. Indeed, there are six characters in this story, every one of whom is going to impress the reader—impress him so deeply that he only half-misses the real absence of narrative. These are the young American girl herself, whose mind has already received so many impressions that it is just possible she may be interested by a new one, but not possible that any new one could produce shock; her mother, a quite new person in modern fiction, and yet strikingly real, with enormous power of observation veiled by a mask of sleepy indifference—one feels sure that no individual has ever penetrated to the quiet depths of this woman's soul; then there is the sentimental Italian devotee; Nietzsche himself, who is thought to be a superman, but who is really a great baby; Graf von Lüdenstein, with no philosophy except sensuality, knowing exactly what he wants, and without scruples, no Superman, but certainly a dangerous Subman; much more apt to live up to his desires than Christians are to live up to their principles, or philosophers to their ideals; and finally the cripple, Conrad Sachs, who represents without one word of cant a living Christian faith translated into action. Sachs triumphs over the other two men, over the original contempt of the girl; indeed his conversations with the girl will make it impossible for any thoughtful reader to pass them lightly. They reach the depths of spiritual experiences. Conrad has charity for all, and immense admiration for Ludwig (Nietzsche); indeed, he says that Ludwig is really a Christian without knowing it, and that at any moment the truth may be revealed to him. For Ludwig insists that Strength is the highest good; Conrad merely makes an inversion, saying that Goodness is the highest strength.

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This is a novel where every page betrays cerebration; and one rises from it convinced that the highest wisdom in life is not of the head, but of the heart. Seldom do we find a writer who combines such keen intellectual power with such spiritual sweetness.

Dorothy Canfield (Mrs. J. R. Fisher), who took her doctor's degree at Columbia in "Old French," made a happy substitution in changing her investigation from linguistics to American men and women of the twentieth century. In *The Squirrel Cage* (1912) she showed in a straightforward narrative exactly how our modern girls are systematically prepared for professional invalidism, for a long career of nervous prostration; in *Hillsboro People* (1915) she very nearly proved the paradox that you can learn more about human nature in a Vermont village than in New York City. This book also exhibited her skill in the short story. It is a series of tales, with lyrical intermissions by Sarah Cleghorn, singing like linnets in the pauses of the wind. In her best and latest novel, *The Bent Twig,* solidly thoughtful and continuously interesting, we have another sound work of art. This time the life and ideals of a Middle-West State university are accurately, unsparingly, and affectionately portrayed. Dorothy Canfield is a notable addition to modern novelists, and each of her books marks a steady advance. I never prophesy, for prophecies are futile; but when I finished *The Bent Twig,* my attitude toward the author was and is now best described by the word Faith.

J. L. PEREZ, THE FATHER OF YIDDISH LITERATURE

BY HENRY T. SCHNITTKIND

"THERE are some people in this world whom God kisses at their death. And then their eyes are filled with the peacefulness and the light of Paradise, and all their sufferings are stilled. But now and then there comes into the world one whom God kisses at birth, so that every one of his thoughts throughout his life is holy and every emotion of his heart is sacred. Heaven is mirrored in his eyes, and every word he utters is a song. . . ." These words, written by J. L. Perez, best describe the genius of the Father of Yiddish Literature. His was the gift of transforming the homely Yiddish jargon into a symphony of melody, and of infusing the spiritual beauty of the ancient Hebrew prophets into the slime and squalour of the Jewish Ghetto of to-day.

The inhabitant of the Jewish Pale in Russia still lives and moves, for the most part, amidst mediæval customs and ideals. This is due to his education, which, in addition to a fair knowledge of the Old Testament, consists of a smattering of the Talmudistic controversy and the rabbinical lore of the middle ages. Modern higher education is as a rule prohibited to him. It was a lucky accident, however, which saved Perez from a similar fate. A certain rich man of his town who was fond of books had collected a considerable library on all kinds of subjects. Later this man, having lost his money, stacked these books in his attic. Young Perez, hearing of this, gained access to the attic and spent many a day in reading the books indiscriminately. This unsystematic education had one great advantage, for it enabled him, like Goethe, to touch upon every phase of human endeavour with his facile pen. He was his nation's guide and teacher not only in literature, but in science, in history,

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in philosophy. Morever, this omnivorous course of reading fortunately saved Perez from becoming addicted to any particular school or "-ism" in literature. His work shows remarkable versatility at a time when literature, like clothes, has fallen into the hands of sartorial imagists who try to shear inspiration into all kinds of unsightly patterns. His work reflects the influence of the Talmud, tempered by the mysticism of Swedenborg and the realism of Tolstoy. Yet so skilfully are these elements interwoven that Perez is above all original; no one can ever accuse him of imitation.

In 1870, when he first began to write, at the age of twenty-five, there were practically no Jewish publishers in Russia. It was, therefore, a thankless task to choose the Yiddish language as a literary medium. Yet Perez, like many of his compatriots, determined to cast his lot with his persecuted race. For, as he said in a preface to one of his works, "I have chosen Yiddish as my instrument because I wish to educate my people, three millions of whom understand no other language but the Yiddish." And elsewhere he writes: "It is useless for a Jew to speak to a Gentile world in their own language; for the Jewish tone is unmistakable, disguise your voice as you will. The sad melody of 'Kol Nidre' quivers in every symphony composed by a Jew. Heine betrays the oriental strain in him in every word he has written, unconsciously imbedding a tear in every jest he has uttered. If your aim is to gain the applause of the wealthy and the friendship of the powerful, you may employ other languages; but if you would reach the hearts of your own people, those tattered fringes of humanity, whom the more fortunate style as 'the rabble,' then you must choose the Yiddish language as your instrument. You are a Jew, flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone, therefore you must turn your eyes away from the fair gardens of strangers and come back to our own unfruitful vineyard, which is so sadly in need of cultivation."

A man like Perez, conscious of his own genius, voluntarily doomed himself to eternal obscurity by his almost sublime renunciation of the Gentile Muse who offered warmth, and love, and fame. Moreover, he encountered another, and to him more serious, difficulty: he undertook to teach romantic love to a race which had hitherto had no conception of it, and whose very language contained no word equivalent to our word "love." In the Jewish Ghetto, where only now and then a ray of modern culture filters in through a nook and cranny of the well-nigh insurpassable barrier, marriage is the result of matchmaking and romantic love is regarded as contemptible, if not actually sinful. Even the throbbing, passionate "Song of Songs" is interpreted by Hebrew scholars as being an allegory of the pious Jew's love for the Bible. And yet, so well has Perez overcome this handicap imposed upon him by the poverty of the Yiddish language that he has written many of the most beautiful and spiritual love stories of the nineteenth century.

It was not, however, as a writer of stories that Perez made his début. His first literary efforts were in the field of poetry. Here, unable for a time to find himself, he roamed about from Talmudistic ballads to Heinesque love-poems, from lyrical mysticism to fiery symphonic denunciations of social injustice. He never felt quite at home when writing poetry. This was but a medium for practice, it was the rehearsal of a genius who was careless of the minor details, knowing that in the essentials of his art he was gaining a sure touch, a golden harmony.

Although he returned now and then to poetry long after he adopted prose as the most suitable medium for his thoughts, he never took the pains to mould his ideas and prune his style as he did in his prose works. He adopted the conventional rhythms of poetry, but never was quite able to restrain his sweeping thoughts within arbitrary bounds. Like Emerson, he wrote some lyrics whose music, despite his careless-

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ness, sings itself into the reader's heart. Yet whenever his thoughts refused to fit themselves easily to a lilting line, he was too impatient to waste much time in rounding and shearing it into symmetry.

Hence his poems are not unlike the music of Debussy, ringing with new melodies because of his very impatience to adapt himself to the old. He was the "great master of experiments," in the words of a Russian critic. His rhythms, like the ever-varying, unsymmetrical figures of clouds at sunrise, exhilarate the imagination with the very magic of their strange, irregular splendour. His nervous impetuosity sweeps him along, causing him here and there to leap over a gap in the rhythm or to pile a syllable or two upon the already overcrowded verse; yet the cadence is never false, and the verse grips you through the sheer power of the conception and the intensity of the thought. You feel that you are witnessing the careless playfulness of a master rather than the laboured imperfection of an amateur.

Like Sir Walter Scott, Perez has taken the rude legends of his nation and immortalised them in his ballads. One of the best of these ballads, "Monisch," is an adaptation from the Talmud. It tells of a pious Jew whom the devil entices away from heavenly thoughts by tempting him with an earthly love. One of the stanzas begins with an apology for the poverty of his verse, which is really due to the poverty of the Yiddish language:

> Were I to sing for Gentiles in a Gentile tongue, far different would be the music of my verse. My language has but tearful jests, that flash like lightning and pierce like poisoned arrows. It is compounded of death and lamentation. In every syllable you can hear a seething ocean of sorrow. . . . Yet no single word of warmth or of tenderness does it possess.

"Monisch" is the old Faust legend set to a Jewish tune. True to the inexorable idea of Justice as decreed by Jehovah, Perez refuses to allow his hero to dally with evil, only to elude the grasp of Satan in the final judgment, as did Faust. Once Monisch has succumbed to the devil, there is no hope of redemption for him. Faust, through all his weak erring, has yet felt instinctively the one true way. Hence he is admitted into heaven. Monisch, in his entire life of pious endeavour, has been weak enough to stumble but a single time. Hence his eternal condemnation. This attitude is very characteristic of the Jewish mind. Cast into this world like an unbidden guest at a feast, he feels that he must adopt a more exacting code of ethics than that of his fellow-beings; for his failings, unlike theirs, will be unduly scrutinised and condemned by those who at best are condescendingly tolerant of his presence in their midst. "Monisch," therefore, is a warning against all those who would sin to-day with the hope of atonement to-morrow.

This indignation against all sham, all wrongdoing, so akin to the fiery denunciations of the Hebrew prophets, appears again in many of his shorter poems, some of which, indeed, are paraphrases from Isaiah. "Why do you invoke the Lord?" he cries. "Do you pray to Him that He may become a partner to your thefts? And why do you bow your head? Is it to conceal from the Lord your evil machinations?"

His bitter satire sometimes prevents him from seeing beauty even in the striving of the human soul. To him ambition is but the dream of a worm who endeavours to emulate the eagle's flight. Souls of lovers that, just as in Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird,* were inseparable before their birth, come into the world, not at different times, as the souls in the Belgian poet's play, but in different countries, so that when they meet in after years the dissimilarity in their dress and customs makes them pass each other without recognition. (This poem, by the way, was written prior to the *Blue Bird.*) How much more cynical, if less pathetic, than the conception of Maeterlinck!

Even the manifestations of nature give

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him at times food for pessimistic thought. In the quiet splendour of the night he finds, not peace and happiness, but restlessness and sorrow: "Raven darkness mantles hill and vale, and the heavens are girt with a thick mail of steel. The night fears not the little flickering candle, for the wanton wind can snuff out its light with but a single playful puff. . . . Hush, a funeral procession is passing;—they are burying Justice. . . ." It is a pity that one cannot bring out in translation the horrible fascination of this song. What a glorious, insane conception, and what a setting! This picture could have been drawn by no one but a man whose race had been driven for centuries through the night and tempest, and whose only champion, Justice, had been murdered by those who professed to worship her.

The poet's vision is not yet clear, it is still suffering from the exaggerated sadness of the sentimental youth. When he sees the sunlight foaming over the valley, he does not feel its warmth; he only feels that it is an alien sun shedding its rays on an alien field. In the springtime, everything revives except hope in the heart of his nation. "Courage, winter will soon pass, and new birds will sing new songs. The night will melt away, and once again the blue sky will be a-glitter with new stars and new suns. Fresh flowers will scatter the breath of spring over the meadow—yes, and over my grave, too."

Yet all these strains in the minor key are but the tuning up of his instrument, or rather, his many instruments. For these vague, melancholy chords finally burst out in a grand symphony, the culmination of his poetic efforts. This symphony in verse is his "Sewing of the Wedding Gown." He calls it a scene from the life of Warsaw, but he might just as well have called it a scene from the life of London or Berlin or New York. Here, too, as in his other poems, the tone is sad, but it is the sadness of one who has a definite wrong to right. His earlier poems are the cosmic lamentations of a man who vaguely experiences poignant suffering, yet is unable to lay his finger on the aching spot; feeling dissatisfied with the world in general, he bemoans the universal suffering of mankind without quite knowing just what is the matter with the world. In the "Sewing of the Wedding Gown," however, he utters a call against the submerging of the weak by the powerful. In the opening scene of this poem, the dressmakers are busy sewing the wedding dress for a rich girl. The poet contrasts the beauty and the happiness of the rich girl for whom the dress is being made, with the misery and the ugliness of the dressmaker, whose pale face is as transparent as the silk of which the dress is made, and whose tears are large and pearly, just like the buttons of this beautiful gown.

"Soon the bride will rest in the arms of the bridegroom," sings one of the girls. "But when shall I ever find rest?"

"In the grave, in the grave," reply the others in chorus.

"Soon the happy bridegroom will caress his beloved, and his passionate strong arms will crush the delicate lace that we are now sewing on so carefully. But who will ever caress me?"

"A worm, a worm!"

One of the younger dressmakers, however, whose name is "Merry Life," rebels against the sadness of her companions. "Why," says she, "do you embitter my life with your constant lamentations? I have no fine clothes, to be sure, but what care I? For my neck is like alabaster. I possess no sparkling jewels, but my eyes are a-glitter. No white pearls are mine, yet are not my beautiful teeth far better than pearls? And as for happiness, I do not even care to know what it is!"

Hereupon her companions, by means of an allegory, foretell the fate that awaits those beautiful children of the poor whose misfortune it is to be too fond of life.

"Enough of this wailing!" cries the mistress. "Let me have no more of your miserable song. Better attend to

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your sewing, for the whirring of the machines is the only music that is pleasing to my ears. And as for bemoaning your misery, of what avail is it to anyone? Your tears will only stain the beautiful dress you are sewing. Sing a song of gladness, rather, and if you have no joys of your own to boast, sing of others' joys."

Thus the dressmakers consume the entire evening, interspersing their own sad tones amidst the incessant roaring of the machines. Finally the clock strikes ten, and they get ready to go home,—those of them that have a home:

If a bed you can afford,
Go to sleep and thank the Lord;
Rest your weary head.
What a blessing is repose!
You sleep, and dream perhaps,—who knows?—
You dream perhaps,—of bread!

Yet, after all, the poems of Perez are only the imperfect flashes of his splendid genius, significant because they foretell the flood of sunlight that is to come once his talents have become matured. It is not till we read his prose works that we get at the real Perez, the Jewish man of letters who enters into competition with the greatest literary masters of the nineteenth century. Indeed, paradoxical as it may seem, the best poems of Perez are his prose tales. To classify these tales would tax the ingenuity of the most subtle academician. They are not, strictly speaking, "short stories" or "contes," nor are they sketches. They do not end in a telling "punch," as is the case with most modern short stories, but they flow along, like a stream of pure water, reflecting in their surface all the glitter of the sunlight, so that his downtrodden brothers, whose heads are bent with sorrow and whose eyes are fixed upon the earth, may gaze into the depths of this limpid stream and catch a glimpse of the radiant light above them. In his poems he shows us the wretchedness of poverty and the evils that lurk in the hearts of men. In his prose tales he discloses the beauty that resides in the soul of the most abject of creatures and he fills us with reverence for those whom the callousness of their fellow-creatures has reduced to the dregs of humanity. He still gives voice to the misery of the oppressed. Yet the words that these people now utter are not words of self-pity, nor are they words of protest. They are rather the triumphant outcry from the soul of man, blindly yet trustingly reaching out of the depths, and re-echoing the voice of God, as He comforts them. I doubt if any one has ever succeeded in voicing a more sublime glorification of humility than Perez did in his "Bontje the Silent." In this story, we get the picture of a poor porter who has been run over by a truck and who has passed away, silently and unnoticed, to be entirely forgotten the very next minute. His death attracted even less attention than the death of a horse, for it is much harder to replace a horse than a human being. Silently he had lived, uncomplainingly he died, and unceremoniously was he buried.

In heaven, however, great preparations were made for the arrival of Bontje. The angels, with golden wings and sparkling eyes, joyously rushed forth to greet him. Father Abraham placed himself at heaven's gate and smilingly held out a welcoming hand. At sight of this Bontje, who has been used to kicks and cuffs in the world below, thinks that some terrible mistake has been made.

"It can't be that they mean me," he whispers to himself, terrified at the punishment he expects to receive when they find out their mistake.

Tremblingly he stands before the throne of God, while his advocate begins to recount his virtues: "Throughout his life Bontje has never complained, despite all the ill-treatment he has received at everybody's hands. Although his sufferings have exceeded even the sufferings of Job, Bontje has remained silent. When his mother died, when his drunken father and his stepmother beat his body black and blue, Bontje has borne

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all his wrongs with uncomplaining patience. Always hungry and bent to the ground with the heavy burdens he has had to carry, Bontje has remained silent. Even when a wife was thrust upon him, Bontje did not complain! And later, when this wife deserted him together with their child, Bontje still refrained from uttering a word of protest!"

"They mean me, they mean me!" thinks Bontje. Yet even now he does not dare to gaze up into the faces of those present.

"And later," continues the advocate, "when his son grew up, he threw Bontje out of his own house. And Bontje still remained silent. He made no complaint when he was run over, when the nurses at the hospital maltreated him, when the doctor refused to alleviate his sufferings because there was no one to pay his fee. And on his death-bed, just as during his whole life, never a word against God did he utter, and never a word against man!"

Now came the prosecuting attorney, and Bontje once more began to tremble. "Gentlemen of the jury," says the prosecuting attorney in low, almost tender tones, "Bontje has been silent, and so I shall be silent, too!"

"Bontje, my child!" exclaims the Great Judge. "They failed to reward your silence in the world below, but that was the World of Delusion. Here, in the World of Eternal Truth, you shall have your just reward!"

"Really?" asks Bontje, doubtfully and abashed.

"Indeed!" answers the Great Judge. "Indeed, I tell you—all is yours! Everything in heaven belongs to you! Choose and take whatever your heart desires!"

"Really?" asks Bontje once more.

"Yes, yes, it is really true," they answer him on all sides.

"Well, if that is the case," Bontje smiles, "I should like to have every single morning a nice big hot bun with fresh butter!"

Hereupon the Great Judge and his angels hand their heads in shame.

This picture of a buffeted soul may well be taken as a symbol for the Jewish race, whose wretchedness has been brought to such a pass that its spiritual aims are only too often based upon such a pathetically ridiculous materialistic basis. And yet this childlike spirit, with its narrow vision of Paradise, strikes a chord of deepest feeling in our hearts. The story of Bontje, while being the apotheosis of humility, is at the same time a most humiliating, though gentle, indictment of our littleness, our stupid conception of the glory of eternal life. That this littleness of spiritual vision is generally due to external causes rather than to our own shortcomings, makes this picture all the more significant in its tearful cynicism. Our ideals reach but a span beyond our own physical needs, and heaven to our hungry souls is but a place where we are to enjoy an eternal feast—of champagne for the drunkard and buttered rolls for the beggar!

A picture of even deeper spiritual significance is his story entitled "If Not Higher." In this tale Perez tells of a Jewish rabbi whose piety consists of action every day in the week rather than sermonising on the Sabbath, and whose prayers are prayers of the hands rather than of the lips. Drawing his inspiration undoubtedly from the Prophets, Perez even goes a step farther, for he represents the unbeliever as actually converted by a man whose fine spirituality in the times of Isaiah would have brought disgrace and even death upon his head. The rabbi in this story disappears on every Day of Atonement. According to his disciples, he goes up to heaven to confer with God on such days. There can be no other explanation for his strange disappearance on the Day of Atonement, for on this holy day of days, when work or even the thought of work is a crime worthy of the death penalty, absence from the synagogue is a transgression that is beyond the wildest conception of the orthodox Jew. So, of course, if the rabbi is not in the synagogue on the Day of Atonement, he must be in heaven.

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A young sceptic, however, deriding the belief of the rabbi's disciples, determines to find out for himself just what becomes of the rabbi on the Day of Atonement. Accordingly he conceals himself the night before Atonement under the rabbi's bed, and lies in readiness to follow the old man the next day.

Just before daybreak the rabbi rises and dresses himself in the smock of a Russian peasant. Then he takes an axe and quietly leaves the house. The sceptic, elated at this, goes out right after the rabbi. Now he will surely catch him at some underhanded work, and he will prove to the whole world that this rabbi is not only a charlatan, but perhaps even an actual criminal!

The rabbi, unaware of the fact that he is being followed, goes to a neighbouring forest and, selecting a good-sized sapling, splits it into kindling wood. Taking this, he makes his way to an old hut on the outskirts of the town. He knocks, saying that he is a wood-cutter and that his name is Vassili. The door is opened for him, and the sceptic conceals himself behind the window.

A table, a couple of tumbledown chairs and an old couch constitute the entire furniture of this hut. On the couch lies a sick woman.

"I have brought you some wood to build a fire with," says the rabbi.

"But I can't pay for it, I have no money," replies the sick woman.

"Never mind," smiles the rabbi, "you will pay me the next time I bring you some wood."

"But I can't build the fire, I'm too ill," says the woman.

Hereupon the rabbi, humming the Atonement prayer in an almost inaudible voice, builds the fire for the poor widow.

Satisfied with his quest, the sceptic quietly departs. And from this time on, when his fellow-sceptics derisively ask, "Well, and did the rabbi go up to heaven on the Day of Atonement?" he replies thoughtfully, "Yes, perhaps—if not higher."

In addition to his poetry and his prose tales Perez also wrote a number of dramas which, though excellent enough to make the reputation of many a playwright, are really negligible when compared with his splendid achievements in prose and poetry.

The outline of his work must necessarily be fragmentary in an article of this length. His disciples are numbered by the thousands. There is scarcely a Jewish writer of note at the present time who does not gratefully and reverently acknowledge Perez as his master. As for the Jewish reading public,—and who among the Jews does not read?—Perez is a household word in every family. And now, at the first anniversary of his death, Socialist and Nationalist, Conservative and Radical alike, are worshipfully thronging the lecture halls to hear their fellows eulogising and interpreting for them the works of their beloved Jehudah Leibusch, as Perez is familiarly known. For the Jew, having no great statesmen and no great military leaders to look up to in this his unwarlike and unpolitical era, bestows all his love and all his veneration upon the spiritual leaders of his race. Perez, having climbed the heights and seen his God face to face, was not content to remain there, but went down again among his people, sharing their few joys and their numberless miseries, to the end that he might not only direct the soul of man to the splendour of heaven, but that he might also bring the soul of heaven down on earth.

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SOME STORIES OF THE MONTH*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

ATTEMPTS to render the Great War in terms of pure art have thus far been tentative and in the main disappointing. A few strong verses—no mighty ones, a few short stories of merit, are pretty much all we have to show in literature. Writers of approved imaginative power, novelists who before the war were, it seemed, eagerly groping for themes in the humdrum of life, have been stunned or overwhelmed, rather than inspired, by the sensational present. A stupendous muddle, but still a muddle, out of which few single minds have been able to wrest anything like a meaning. Thus far our authors appear to have been little better off than the rest of us, with our cant, and our partisanship, and our sudden enthusiasms or indignations about this thing or that thing in detail. God on our side—poisonous gases—who mutilated that child? who is going to feed these widows? how many Americans were aboard yonder torpedoed ship?—the gospel of retaliation—where are fresh troops and supplies coming from? To most of us the War is a hodgepodge of confused elements like these, and among them art, the great selector, has shown hitherto but a fumbling hand. Writers, the best of them, have mustered little more than vivid reports, sidelights, impressions, opinions. The novelist has turned journalist, or pamphleteer, or diarist of his own minute experiences at the front. Or he has gone on struggling with his humdrum, merely venturing to employ here and there a scene or an episode of war to give the timely touch, or to help along the plot. So Miss Sinclair used Belgium and her torment as a means of (rather fantastically) vindicating one Jevons. In *Gossamer,* as we were noticing the other day, Canon Hannay went considerably farther than this. An aspect of war itself was his theme, International Credit was his hero. But he hardly carried us beyond the outbreak of the conflict—there was his crisis—and he escorted us as far as that merely as fellow-observers at a physically safe remove.

In *The Dark Forest* the author of *Maradick at Forty* and *The Golden Scarecrow* has, I feel, strongly and beautifully embodied his impression of the war, as gained at first hand. This is not a chronicle or a diary or a series of sketches from the front. It is a finished piece of literary art, by means of which Mr. Walpole has successfully rendered not his experiences but his experience, as a member of the Red Cross service on the Eastern front. I do not know whether it is with the Russian Red Cross that he himself has been serving, but one might infer it from the substance of the present narrative, and from its dedication. It is the story of certain members of a Russian *Otriad* which is stationed in the thick of the fighting, during the first campaign against the Austrians. There are two Englishmen in the group, Durward, who tells the story, and Trenchard, who is one of its chief figures. Trenchard is a rather

*The Dark Forest. By Hugh Walpole. New York: G. H. Doran Company.
Chapel. By Miles Lewis. New York: G. H. Doran Company.
Narcissus. By Viola Meynell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
The Proof of the Pudding. By Meredith Nicholson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.
A Western Warwick. By Samuel G. Blythe. New York: G. H. Doran Company.
Those Gillespies. By William J. Hopkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.
Old Judge Priest. By Irvin S. Cobb. New York: George H. Doran Company.
The Border Legion. By Zane Grey. New York: Harper and Brothers.
Nan of Music Mountain. By Frank H. Spearman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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vague, blundering type, man in years and boy in temper; sensitive and eager for human affection and sympathy, but unengaging and ineffective. He has taken service in Russia in the hope of finding among foreigners the human relation he has missed at home. And on the eve of the *Otriad's* departure from Petrograd, he seems to have found it in his betrothal to Marie Ivanovna, one of the "sisters" of the detachment. She is not beautiful, but she is young and vivid and eager for life; and Trenchard represents life to her for the moment. But he remains ineffective and rather absurd, becomes a sort of butt in the group, and is openly scorned by Semyonov, the chief surgeon of the *Otriad.* Semyonov is a conquering male, as well as a most efficient workman. He turns his eye upon Trenchard's Marie, as a possible prey of the hour. And he succeeds in half-winning her, becomes her titular betrothed in Trenchard's place. But his prey she does not become, something within her holds out; it is he who, by an "irony of fate," conceives a deep and genuine passion for her. When a random bullet takes her, he, as well as Trenchard, is overwhelmed with a sense of irrevocable loss. And yet it is to her that they both owe the priceless revelation of what life means or may mean. As for her, she has given to each of them something which she could never have given the other. Each has his claim upon her, and both are convinced that whichever of them first follows her will somehow confirm his right of possession. In the end the lot falls to Trenchard. The situation is oddly doubled in the case of Dr. Nitikin and Andrey Vassilievitch.

This is a human story: what the author seems to feel is that war can be comprehended only as a vast melting-pot of human stories. "War," says Trenchard in the final entry in his diary —"War is made up, I believe, not of shells and bullets, not of German defeats and victories, Russian triumphs or surrenders, English and French battles by sea and land, not of smoke and wounds and blood, but of a million past thoughts, past scenes, streets of little country towns, lonely hills, dark sheltered valleys, the wide space of the sea, the crowded traffic of New York, London, Berlin, yes, and of smaller things than that. . . ." The smoke and wounds and blood are here, in this narrative, but in their proper places, as details and not the main thing. The extraordinary merit of the book is its rendering of the atmosphere of war and of the intensifying, and even purifying, through that atmosphere of a natural human motive.

A first novel of uncommon strength and finish is *Chapel,* by Miles Lewis, a Welshman who has bided his time through years of schoolmastering and business life till he felt ready to write what he himself could approve. Critics are often charged with drawing false parallels and analogies, but it is a perfectly natural instinct to try to relate the new thing to the old,—or to find oneself doing it without effort. So I am conscious of an impression of resemblance or of kinship between this writer and Eden Phillpotts. He shows less preoccupation with his natural scene, less humour, more romantic feeling, but equal sincerity and an almost equal sureness of touch in the representation of British provincial character in action. His grim Welsh types, moreover, are close kin to Mr. Phillpotts's stark folk of Devon and Cornwall. Chapel himself is a big, hard male such as we have often met on Dartmoor. His hardness is, to be sure, an acquisition, or a trait unearthed from a more distant ancestry. He is son of an ancient family of landed squires, whose estate has sadly fallen off under the depredations of his lax and dissolute grandfather and father. He himself has grown up an inert, good-natured, inefficient fellow, not vicious, but little likely to restore the family fortunes, or the family position of dignity, until the sudden death of his young wife in childbed shocks him into defiance against fate. Painfully and slowly he

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builds up in himself a latent strain of resolution and of industry. At last, after many failures, he lays his hand upon success, as far as money-making goes. Meanwhile his son has grown up. The pair are too much alike to be friends, and there springs up between them one of those speechless domestic feuds of which the dour northern races are so easily capable. Young Chapel has by nature the strength his father has striven for so painfully, has also an ease of manner which the father envies and resents. In short, Chapel is jealous of his son, and not till the very end of the tale do they realise that both are living to the same end—the rehabilitation of the Chapels as a family. It is the son who by means of combined energy and good fortune wins back the old family estate, and procures for his father, as well as for himself, a re-entrance into the "county" life, as persons of substance in all senses. Bess, young Chapel's Bess, who plays her important part in bringing them together, is a very distinct and genuine person on her own account. So, for that matter, is Jane, hapless and frail in the world's eyes, but full of hidden bravery and integrity of purpose. And Betsy Michael, the old family nurse, takes honourable place among the quaint retainers of fiction. Perhaps the most noteworthy thing about the story is the quiet certainty of its handling. There is nothing extraneous in it, nothing obviously laboured; clearly, if it is a "first novel," it is the work of a hand which has served a long though secret apprenticeship to the story-teller's craft.

From the author of *Lot Barrow* and *Modern Lovers* nothing may be looked for but work which is very modern in substance and distinguished in manner. She is the daughter of Alice and Wilfrid Meynell; but she is post-Victorian, perhaps a little too consciously so. That is the trouble with our twentieth century fiction thus far, it is too proud of its advancement to perform with ease. It is still fiddling over its stride, its form, still looking over its shoulder at the gallery. In its handling of sex, it is particularly ingenuous. By way of proving that this theme may as well be frankly handled as any other, it exalts sex above all other themes. It enlarges upon the sex-discoveries of puberty, thrusts upon us an acquaintance with the lairs and habits of street-women, hides us behind the curtains of the marriage-bed—and all, as like as not, with an innocent air of doing the proper thing, the necessary thing. I cannot quite escape the impression of Miss Meynell, for example, doggedly playing up to the requirements in this sort. The *personæ* of her story belong, roughly, to the Clayhanger class of provincial Briton. Victor and Jimmy Carmichael are sons of an old bookworm who has married beneath him socially, a good woman, and has died while the boys were still very young. Victor is awkward, eccentric, warm-hearted. Jimmy is handsome, capable, and utterly self-centred—the Narcissus of the story. Their lives are recorded with meticulous care from childhood to the moment of manhood, when fate and a woman part them for the first time. They have appeared to possess little in common beyond their inherited love of books; and yet the brotherly relation has always strongly bound them. It is Victor who first succumbs to sex—at first to a mean relation which develops into an odd friendship; and later to a profound passion. Edie, the light love, and Imogen, the true one, are bosom friends. Edie has the stronger character, or, if we like, personality. Beneath her prosaic ways, and vulgar speech, and sexual fallibility, a strong romantic feeling flows—but only toward Imogen. To Imogen, the beautiful, selfish, neurasthenic Imogen, has fallen all the charm and glamour of sex, the power to inspire romantic devotion. Victor responds to it at once, but she, against her will, remains cold. Jimmy rouses her and Jimmy, reluctantly, wins her. We leave Victor exiled, vaguely fumbling with the problem of his life, at last finding a sort of

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solution: "He knew that while he was to advance through the denial to him of personal happiness in the world, Jimmy's advance was different, but as real—it was to enter into happiness." Perhaps—if the world holds any better happiness for Jimmy than the happiness of Narcissus.

The Proof of the Pudding is another of those mediocre novels of real American life with which Mr. Nicholson, a born romancer, periodically teases himself and us. He has an idea here, a serious purpose, a thorough knowledge of his human and local material. But the result is not a big novel, or even an especially notable one. He has failed once more to fuse his irrefutable data, his authentically typical scenes and characters, into a living and spontaneous whole. His provincial Country Club, with its fast crowd elbowing out the decenter members, is a portent of the times the country over. The Kinneys, who hate living in a one-horse town, and try their best to be true to their Broadway ideals until fortune may permit them to bask in the light, and go thoroughly into the vices of the White Way—these are recognisable figures "everywhere west of Manhattan Island." There are grimly faithful pictures of the drunken "parties" which such people everywhere deliberately affect: "The noise and confusion increased. Edith Saxby had begun to cry—Nan remembered that Edith usually cried when she was tipsy. She was bewailing the loss of her salted almonds which she charged Andrews with appropriating. Andrews thereupon went to the sideboard and brought the serving-dish of almonds and poured the contents upon the girl's head. . . . Pickard leaned across the table to wipe away her tears with his napkin. In attempting this feat he upset the wine-glasses of his immediate neighbours, causing a wild scamper to escape the resulting deluge. Liggett and Burley retaliated by pushing him upon the table, where he crowned himself with the floral centerpiece. Boisterous expressions of delight greeted this masterstroke." And the Kinneys and their ways are in the main accepted by a society which a generation ago would have had nothing to do with them.

True individual types are here, too: old Farley, the merchant of a passing day; Billy Copeland, the youth of the second generation, spending and risking the wealth and place won by his father, in senseless dissipation; Nan Corrigan, the adopted daughter of old Farley, with her inherited and acquired impulses. But these people remain types, "parts" carefully built up to a certain standard of effectiveness as such. And that standard, alas! is the standard of melodrama rather than of sound realism or sound romance. Billy Copeland is a "heavy"; a drunken cad whom only chance and his author prevent from crime, and who is quite arbitrarily converted—transformed into somebody else—at the end. We do not feel his alleged and condoning charm. Nor does Nan Farley enchant us at first hand; we must take her at the valuation of her admirers, Copeland and Eaton and Jerry Amidon. In her own person and speech she appears a common little person, with hardly enough character to bother about. Eaton is the provincial man of the world and arbiter elegantiarum, whose careful ease and irony often too nearly approach mere laboured facetiousness. Unless he deserves a more favourable portrait than Mr. Nicholson has been able to paint of him, I doubt if Jerry Amidon would have been his worshipper. And we must at all cost protect our belief in Jerry, the one irresistible figure of true romantic comedy in the book. He, at least, is the "real thing," and worth the price of admission to the book which contains him.

The author of *A Western Warwick* has made himself heard before as a lively and uncompromising critic of American institutions and manners. His present story is an extremely clever and scathing arraignment of our political

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system and methods. The story-teller is supposed to be one William Henry Paxton, "President-Maker—the Man Behind the Chair—Warwick—Boss—and forty other things, most of them not so seemly, as set forth in innumerable cartoons and illimitable columns of newspaper and magazine political writing, to say nothing of some books, wherein, mostly, my loudly proclaimed vices always appear to have a stranglehold on my few and inconspicuous virtues." He tells his tale with abundant good-humour, but with absolutely no quarter for himself or anybody else. He frankly looks upon politics as a selfish game in which, to fool the people, a vast deal of conventional hypocrisy is involved. He believes popular government is nonsense in theory, and knows it is nonsense in practice. This is the detailed and utterly cynical narrative of his rise and fall as a power in major politics. The means by which he obtains the nomination and election of that harmless and imposing figurehead, James Jason Rogers, are, as he never tires of insisting, the simplest possible. The only strategy that counts, he alleges, is the strategy of the dollar. His first aim therefore, when he has made up his mind to boss a nation, is to get hold of the "whales" of the business world, especially the men who control banking. "Bankers run everything," says Paxton's right-hand man, Pliny Peters, expounding the doctrine. "Can't be denied. Big bankers run little bankers. Biggest bankers run big bankers. Non-debatable as motion to adjourn. Furnish all the money for the trusts. Finance the corporations. Hold the railways up. Run them all. Listen. What does every last one of these multi-boys do after he gets his upholstery of money? What does every one of them do? Buy control of banks and start trust companies. They know where the percentage is in the game." Paxton and Pliny discover that the whales have immense projects in view, for the formation of trusts and combinations by means of which they may crush competition with one hand, and unload vast amounts of watered securities upon the public with the other. But a friendly administration is necessary, and here is where Paxton comes in. By means of some four or five millions of money advanced by the "whales" he buys the Presidency for himself and his clients. Everything works favourably; James Jason Rogers plays his subordinate part with discretion, and prospects are good for a second term when the sudden attack of a single honest Congressman marks the beginning of the end for the Paxton régime. In this story, briefly, as in *The Fakers,* and *The Price of Place,* we have an extremely frank and witty and disheartening picture of national morals and national politics.

In *Those Gillespies* Mr. Hopkins has made Boston the scene of a very pretty piece of romantic comedy. Looked upon in the cold light of probability, neither the persons nor the action would count for much. Our little Rudolph is such a child as books are made on. Our wedded Gillespies are such a pair as can only continue their relation by virtue of resolute and mutually agreed upon density and opacity. They must be careful never to see the obvious, never to overhear the asides, never to read between the lines to any other purpose than deepened misunderstanding. Mrs. Gillespie is one of those spoiled pretty women whose delicate hands, for lack of enough to do, are always trifling with mischief. A gentleman named Dean, equally idle, is after her. They philander without technical fault. Mr. Gillespie, who is half an invalid, knows what is going on, but retorts merely by freezing solid, for all domestic purposes. Another old admirer of Mrs. Gillespie's, Jack Ramsden, is about. But his eyes and thoughts are now for Gillespie's sister, who is a very nice Boston girl indeed. Ramsden is a man of means and an amateur playwright, and in the course of this story is fabulously engaged by a famous manager to write a play which in due season scores a fabulous success. The play, however, is sim-

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ply a cog in the romantic machine, which duly turns out our required product of a renewed and confirmed romance for the wedded Gillespies, and the voice that breathed o'er Eden for Uncle Jack and his Kitty. The book is full of absurd details—for example, Uncle Jack has never played golf, but on his first round he develops such marksmanship that he can hit a man repeatedly at a hundred yards—by intention! However, these are small matters: such stories are not written for readers who are fussy about detail. Romantic comedy stands or falls according to its power of creating a momentary and pleasurable illusion, involving our cheerful indifference to the relation between details and probabilities. Mr. Hopkins has succeeded, as usual, in creating the necessary atmosphere, and his little fantasy will be read with content by persons who have an idle hour to spare.

To a similar order, on the whole, belongs the *Old Judge Priest* of Irvin S. Cobb. The benign and humourous figure presented in *Back Home* is here employed as the effective pivot of a number of whimsical or sentimental actions. And Judge Priest is more than that type of wise, humourous, old arbiter of human affairs which is always so popular in fiction and on the stage. He is really a person of whom we feel sure, whom we should recognise if we met him in the flesh, for whom we feel affection, as we have felt affection for Colonel Carter, and Dr. Lavendar,—and the Vicar of Wakefield, for that matter. This is really a series of stories rather than a novel, but they are cumulative in their effect as bearing upon the central personality. Judge Priest has many a nut to crack, and never disappoints us by failure. It is he who engineers an impressive funeral for the dead prostitute who is abandoned by the parsons; beats the smug politician Horace Maydew at his own game; rescues and rehabilitates the abused, despairing flutist, Emanuel Moon; dispenses double-barrelled justice; and leads "Forrest's last charge." The short story, as Mr. Cobb practises it, is a complete and somewhat elaborate affair. Several of the tales here collected are models of construction according to the standard now maintained by our popular magazines. They proceed steadily from situation to climax, impasse, and dénouement, maintaining the strain of interest till the last minute. Their style is lively, familiar, vigourous, the style of the trained newspaper man and magazinist. It slaps us on the back, pokes us in the ribs, tickles us behind the ears—does not care what it does to us, so long as we are kept awake and responsive. It bears a near relation to the style of Mr. Blythe in *A Western Warwick* or of William Allen White in *God's Puppets*. New standards are always being established in these matters, and the current one is the standard of colloquial "punch."

As examples of the way in which a very similar kind of thing may be ill done and well done, I may mention *The Border Legion,* by Zane Grey, and *Nan of Music Mountain,* by Frank H. Spearman. Both depend frankly upon the lure of the cowboy-miner-desperado-express-messenger kind of thing, with a figure of feminine youth and beauty and courage in the foreground. We do not look in such a book for a report of the thing as it is or ever has been. Romance is what we are after—the illusion, the dream, the fair pursuit of the pot of gold at the foot of the literary rainbow. Success or failure, from the point of view of criticism, hangs upon the skill with which what may be called a legitimate illusion is contrived. Children and the illiterate carry their illusions with them; all one has to do is to press this button or that. Give your primitive auditor a hint as to what he is expected to swallow, and it is as good as swallowed. This is the secret of the success of fiction in the raw, from the dime novel of childhood to the quack novel of maturer, that is to say older audiences. Subtleties of speech or character or action or atmosphere are noth-

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ing here. Stories of this kind really have far more in common with the puppet-show and movie than with fiction, in so far as fiction is an art. *The Border Legion,* with its crude sensationalism, its hardly literate style, its blunt demands upon the credulity of the observer, is a movie in print. *Nan of Music Mountain* is a legitimate romance, though a romance of decidedly spectacular order. Nan herself, to be sure, is somewhat too obviously a Lorna Doone reduced to western American terms. The outlaw Morgans in their valley, with their good blood and their single feminine flower of it, are as near the Doones as may be. There is even the young Doone-Morgan, who aspires to Nan's hand. The hero, however, is a very different sort from doughty John Ridd. Henry De Spain is not mighty of thews; but he has that more useful export for our purpose, a champion at gun-play. His deeds need not be recorded here, nor the suitable difficulties which he suitably overcomes in the winning of Nan, our paragon among border lasses. I have simply been moved to commend this tale as notably good of its kind.

SOME NOVELS: LIGHT AND OTHERWISE*

BY PHILIP G. HUBERT, JR.

SOME time ago a Western newspaper contained a yarn to the effect that in a certain insane asylum whenever the patients wanted to get up a dramatic entertainment, they always voted to a man and woman in favour of making one of Mr. Oppenheim's stories the basis of the sketch to be acted. Whether or not this is pure invention, whether or not Mr. Oppenheim will be flattered or indignant, who can tell? But in reading his latest book, *An Amiable Charlatan,* the story comes back to me, and the book offers itself as partial justification. Misery likes company, like seeks like. If the unfortunate inmates of an asylum find Mr. Oppenheim's characters so much to their liking, perhaps they recognise kindred souls in misfortune. *An Amiable Charlatan* is much to the point because about every person in it is certainly crazy. This in brief is the story: An elderly American from the Far West, who has made millions out of reaping machines, longs for romance and an escape from a shrewish wife. His mind has given way under a prolonged course of detective stories, the only literature he knows. So he takes his pretty daughter, goes to London, changes his name, consorts with blacklegs, gamblers, thieves, burglars and adventurers of every sort. He becomes an expert at every sort of rascality from counterfeiting to burglary. His nightly delight is to steal the jewelry of the

*An Amiable Charlatan. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Nothing a Year. By Charles Belmont Davis. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Seven Miles to Arden. By Ruth Sawyer. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Come Out of the Kitchen! By Alice Duer Miller. New York: The Century Company.

Gibby of Clamshell Alley. By Jasmine Stone van Dresser. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Real Motive. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The Hidden Spring. By Clarence B. Killand. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Hunted Woman. By James Oliver Curwood. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Vindication. By Harriet T. Comstock. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Long Road Home. By Ralph D. Paine. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

People Like That. By Kate Langley Bosher. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Whirligig of Time. By Wayland Wells Williams. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Where the Path Breaks. By Capt. Charles de Créspigny. New York: The Century Company.

Frey and His Wife. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: McBride and Company.

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guests at any dinner party he can get himself invited to; if his neighbour at the opera is a woman with a valuable pearl necklace, the necklace is sure to disappear before the evening is over. Of course his life is shadowed by Scotland Yard detectives, which adds greatly to Mr. Parker's enjoyment. His name is Bundercombe, but in London he is Parker. If he goes to a house party, every guest contributes something; he returns home, his pockets full of rings, chains and pins; he cannot even resist spoons. When he is not committing a crime he is planning for one. His joy in life is to rob one or more persons and then baffle the police. In all of these adventures his pretty daughter, who is represented as a paragon of loveliness, is his partner and assistant. Can any one doubt that these two persons are as mad as hatters? When the story opens, a young Englishman of wealth and family has seen the girl in a restaurant, and, although convinced that Parker is a rascal and the girl his confederate, he asks her to marry him before he has known her a fortnight and is willing to pension off the father to keep him from further crime. He, the aristocratic Paul Walmsley, is also fit only for an asylum. Then there is the star detective—no one but a lunatic could have failed to see through Mr. Parker. And so it goes. The chief figures, the people they consort with, their victims and their friends, they are all crazy. When *An Amiable Charlatan* reaches that Western asylum how the patients will rejoice over ideal material for their next play. To the people who like Mr. Oppenheim's stories, this latest book of his will appeal with undiminished force. There is "something doing" on every page and always something mysterious.

There is nothing mysterious about Mr. Davis's *Nothing a Year,* which, to quote the publishers' catch-line, is "the story of a woman who tried to make diamonds instead of hearts the trump in life's game." Barbara is the wild and lovely daughter of the woman who runs a cheap boarding-house at a Southern resort. Her beauty is of such compelling quality that every man she meets offers to marry her. She cannot love, for she has no heart, so she takes the man with the most money, and when he loses it she makes his life a burden. Her attempts at getting into New York society are failures. She is willing to sell herself, body and soul, to any one who will give her diamonds and social success; her failures are pathetic and their recital may perhaps help some other idiots to avoid similar disaster. But one can hardly have much sympathy with the lovely Barbara who is without heart, brains or decency. At the end of the book Mr. Davis represents his heroine as going back to her husband, who professes himself glad to give her another chance. The chances of Barbara becoming a decent woman are about one to a million. Mr. Davis's picture of New York life must not be taken too seriously. These people who spend their days in gambling on the Stock Exchange, their nights in drinking cocktails, the men mostly beasts, the women brainless butterflies, with never a word of wit or wisdom from either, represent only curiosities.

Seven Miles to Arden, by Ruth Sawyer, is a fanciful little tale of an Irish actress stranded in America, which will be read with satisfaction by all those tired of pictures of hectic life. They will be thankful for its poetry. The little actress with her brogue and fierce independence has a heart big enough to loath injustice. Fate puts it in her power to save a rich man's son from disgrace. She has to travel to Arden, that mythical country, in order to do so, and the journey proves full of hardship and even danger. But she conquers and Rosalind finds her Orlando, who is worthy of her. It is a pretty story, nicely told.

The rich man's son who finds his Cinderella is also the theme of Mrs. Miller's *Come Out of the Kitchen,* but with more of farce than of poetry in its working out. A wealthy young New Yorker takes the lease of a dilapidated Southern

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mansion upon condition that competent servants—cook, butler, valet and parlour maids—go with the place. The staff is made up of the owners, poor but proud, who have consented to the farce in order to rent their place. The complications are only too evident—that is the weak point of the book. When the fastidious Burton Crane falls in love with his Cinderella, in this case the cook, he succumbs to the inevitable. An angel who can cook—there is a combination for you. It is all improbable, not to say impossible, but Mrs. Miller gets some amusement out of rather childish extravagance. Her Jane-Ellen is a queer mixture of demureness and effrontery, but what would not be forgiven to a girl so lovely, who could cook better than a French *chef?*

Mrs. van Dresser's *Gibby of Clamshell Alley* is an unpretentious story of a poor boy's fight against poverty and ill-will. Gibby, who tells his own story, is a real boy, perhaps a trifle too perfect, but full of grit under hardship. He is a waif, the slave of an old curmudgeon who makes him do a man's work and beats him when he fails. How the boy's kindness to a homeless woman brought him luck, how industry, honesty and a cheerful spirit finally conquer circumstances, how the clouds fade at last, all this is told by Gibby himself, who makes little of his troubles and gilds the worst pills with a glint of humour all his own. It is a book that ought to prove thrilling to all boys and it will do them good as well as fascinate them. When Gibby needed a horse for his growing clam business, all he could offer was ten cents. But he got the horse. A boy who can offer ten cents for a horse and not get kicked by its owner must succeed.

Some short stories, several excellent ones among them, are to be found in Dorothy Canfield's *The Real Motive.* All of them have appeared before in various magazines, but they bear transplanting and are worth it. There is human nature of rare quality in "The Conviction of Sin," the story of the prosperous village grocer whose life seems a failure to him when he hears that his old school chum, the dunce of the class, has made a million dollars and is coming home to buy an estate. Before that news reached him he was a proud man, proud of his wife, his house, his concrete walk, his grocery and the gilt sign over the door. The news of his old friend's overwhelming success turned all these good things to ashes. He wanted to run away and hide for fear the rich man would come and patronise him. Then one day the old school chum turned up, but in rags. The man with the million had the same name, that was all. His old friend was ill and poor and wanted a loan. "Take all you want," shouts the grocer, opening his till. When he found that his boy chum had not made a million, but was begging for a dollar, his relief was unspeakable. He wanted to shout for joy. Another story of how a brave man fought the taint of heredity that doomed his race to suicide is grewsome enough, but as a rule these sketches are not morbid if not exactly cheerful. The father who cannot understand why his daughter wants to get married, the husband who plays the lunatic in order to escape from domestic life, here are two figures that are likely to be remembered.

The brave man getting the best of the villain is the theme of more than one book on my list. Sometimes the villain is a double-dyed scoundrel who is ready for anything, including murder. We have several gentry of this pleasing type. The first is Quartus Hembly, the fat terror of *The Hidden Spring.* Hembly is prodigiously fat, but active as a cat in evil deeds. For years he has ruled the village, ruining all those who oppose him. Those who refuse to pay him tribute must either leave the town or Hembly's lumber hands will settle with them. "Accidents" are frequent in which men are killed. The victims are always those who have defied the fat Hembly. When young Keeth opens his law office in Owasco he finds that the only business to be had means fighting

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Hembly. His victims are everywhere. But he owned the lawyers and the court and to fight Hembly meant death or disappearance. Keeth, however, was young, honest and curious. Some pitiful tales he heard of Hembly's rascalities convinced him that no man so hated and feared as was this scoundrel should be allowed to escape and that it only needed one brave man to lead the fight. Another reason for staying in Owasco was that Thora Erickson, the daughter of Hembly's right-hand man, was a mighty pretty girl. So he stayed at the risk of his life, and at last touched the hidden spring that brought Hembly to the ground.

In another book wherein villainy looms large, *The Hunted Woman,* we have not one but two rascals who stop at nothing. The scene is the gold country of the far North. An English girl appears in a camp looking for the husband who deserted her. She has heard that he is dead and wants to make sure of it, for she hated him. It is no easy thing for a decent woman to travel alone in such a country, and on the first page Joanne gets into trouble. But the hero, John Aldous, comes to her rescue and after killing half a dozen rascals and doing all sorts of wonderful things, carries Joanne and many bags of gold back to civilisation. There are fights enough to satisfy the most exacting reader.

The Vindication, by Harriet T. Comstock, has its villain, but of a milder type. Greed was the vice of De Lesser, the landlord of the ramshackle inn at Remo, a village lost in the mountains of the North Woods. For money he was ready for any rascality, and when chance threw in his way two helpless children he made the most of it. In Dr. Hill, a young enthusiast in need of a family, the two children find a champion who unravels several mysteries, checkmates the iniquitous De Lesser and brings sunlight into the lives of everyone around him.

The rascal in *The Long Road Home* is the handsome Captain Pope, a coward who wrecks the fine ship *Columbian* on a Florida reef and puts the blame upon the shoulders of Edward Barrington, his first officer. Barrington is dismissed from the service of the line and has a hard time of it until fate and the pretty girl who knew the truth clear matters up.

In *People Like That* we have the familiar protest against man's inhumanity to woman. Why does the woman bear all the penalty of sin when her partner, and the really guilty one, goes free? The aristocratic Miss Heath, who leaves her home to live in the slums and study this problem, finds no answer; but she meets a number of interesting people and does some good to the poor girls she finds in need of help and advice. Her conclusion is that until the good women look after the bad women there will be no hope of improvement. The educated woman, she asserts, who refuses to recognise her fallen sister as a human being is guilty of worse than cowardice.

The history of two boys who through life feel responsibility for each other is to be found in *The Whirligig of Time.* The boys were devoted to one another. Their mother died when they were youngsters. In the first chapter of the book the father, Hilary Wimbourne, sorrows over the loss of the wife who has just left him:

"Poor Edith," he mused, "poor Edith. What a wife she has been to me to be sure! I was fond of her, too. Not as fond as I might have been, of course. . . . Still, when I think that I shall never again see her face behind the coffee things at the breakfast table it gives me a pang—a distinct pang. . . . By the bye I don't suppose she remembered before all this came on, to send that Sheffield urn to be replated." And he goes on in that strain for half a page more. With such a father, ought not the two brothers to cling together? The book is packed with adventure and lots of ground is gone over. For instance, one of our young men leaves Boston, goes through Spain, tries Paris, and

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London and gets back to New York before the chapter in question is well begun. This is travel with a vengeance.

The following publishers' note is well adapted to awaken curiosity, which, of course, is what it was intended to do for *Where the Path Breaks:* "'Captain Charles de Créspigny' is a pen-name, used now for the first time by the popular author of some of the most vivid, swiftly moving, and altogether entertaining novels published in the last ten years in England and America. Because of peculiar, though entirely innocent, circumstances, the publishers are not at liberty to reveal the name of the author." Whoever Charles de Créspigny may be, he or she has written a nice little story. An English soldier, badly wounded in the trenches and left for dead, comes to himself in a hospital somewhere in France eight months afterward. During the interval he has been practically dead. The first news that filters into his brain is that the wife, an American girl, he married the day he left London for the front, has wedded again, this time an old sweetheart. The man loves his wife. Of course, he assumes, she could have cared nothing for him, or she would have remained his widow a little longer. So he decides to stay dead. His estates are in the hands of the happy pair. He starts for America, going in the steerage, and on the way he puts his story, somewhat veiled of course, upon paper. The New York publisher to whom he offers it accepts it with joy, and pays him enough money to enable him to go to California, where he buys the house his wife had lived in. She had described it to him scores of times. When his book is published it reaches England and a correspondence follows between the husband and wife that brings them nearer and nearer to an understanding of the truth. The opening pictures of a man returning to life are capitally done, and the climax is well worked up.

Some one has remarked that the Prodigal Son was an idiot not to have slaughtered a pig and feasted royally. In Maurice Hewlett's *Frey and His Wife* the Prodigal goes off and does just this thing—he kills right and left and comes back to be praised for it. Norway in olden times is the scene and the style is that of the sagas. It is a curious tale, rather vague, rather poetic, a little incomprehensible, and ending with a pretty bit of wit. Ogmund Dint, the Prodigal, has been something of a rascal but finally asks for baptism.

"You shall have it," said King Olaf. "You shall be baptised first and hanged afterward, lest your punishment be eternal as well as temporal."

AN UNPUBLISHED WHITTIER POEM

BY AGNES SMITH

THE earliest attempts of great poets at their destined art are always interesting, even though they are overshadowed by the brilliancy of more mature and perfected compositions. A poet is fortunately judged by the greatest work he has done, yet the public has always been grateful to those friends and relatives of great men who have treasured the crude first evidences of genius and occasionally produced them from dusty pigeonholes and given them publicity. Such is the case with the following poem of Whittier's, which has been reverently cherished by an old New England family since the poet gave it to them long ago.

In April of 1828 Whittier, in his eagerness for an education, was still trudging over the country road leading from his father's farm to the Academy at Haverhill, Massachusetts. He was then about twenty years old. A flippant young music teacher at the academy delighted in the backwardness and modesty of such a handsome youth and gave him little peace with her teasing. She

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had, however, the audacity to ask the young poet to write in her autograph album on the eve of her departure from Haverhill.

The degree in which Whittier overcame his timidity and the joy he took in avenging himself may be judged from the poem. As a New England Quaker, his vocabulary was of the purest and most refined. Never was he known to resort to slangy or extravagant phrasing. In this case, however, he called on the devil for the first and it is said the last time in his righteous existence.

The poem was given by Whittier to a friend, Moses Gordon, of Amesbury, Massachusetts, and has been, up to the time of this publication, the private property of that family.

Thou art going hence—God bless thee!
Thou art going hence—farewell!
May the devil ne'er distress thee,
May the wide world use thee well.

Thou art going hence, forever,
And thou sheddest not a tear;
'Tis well, for tears shall never
Lament thy leaving here.

Yet *some* will not forget thee,
A *torment* as thou art;
And *some* will e'en regret thee
Who do not weep to part.

As they miss thy merry laughter
As the school-boy does the rod,
And the jokes which follow after
Thy visitings, abroad.

Farewell! the Lord be near thee
In thy future goings on.
And the pious shun and fear thee
As thy Quaker friend hath done.

Thy life may nothing vex it,
Thy years be not a few,
And at thy final exit
May the *devil miss his due.*

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A CARTOON OF 1808

SO FAR no cartoonist seems to have made use of the episode of Christian passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death of John Bunyan's *The Pilgrim's Progress* in connection with the Great War. One hundred and eight years ago it was the inspiration of one of the most striking cartoons of the mad James Gillray. The dangers which threatened Napoleon at that period were shown by Gillray in the accompanying print, which was issued in London, September 24, 1808. The valley is the valley of Bunyan's allegory. The Emperor is proceeding timorously down a treacherous path, bounded on either side by the waters of Styx and hemmed in by a circle of flame. From every side horrors are springing up to assail him. The British lion, raging and furious, is springing at his throat. The Portuguese wolf has broken his chain. King Death, mounted on a mule of "True Royal Spanish Breed," has cleared at a bound the body of the ex-King Joseph, which has been thrown into the "Ditch of Styx." Death is poising his spear with fatal aim, warningly holding up at the same time his hour-glass with the sand exhausted; flames follow in his course. From the smoke rise the figures of Junot and Dupont, the beaten generals. The papal tiara is descending as a "Roman meteor, charged with lightnings to blast the Corsican. The "Turkish New Moon" is seen rising in blood. The "Spirit of Charles XII." rises from the flames to avenge the wrongs of Sweden. The "Imperial German Eagle" is emerging from a cloud; the Prussian bird appears as a scarecrow, making desperate efforts to fly and screaming revenge.

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THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

NAPOLEON IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

From James Gillray's caricature.

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From the "Lethean Ditch" the "American Rattlesnake" is thrusting forth a poisoned tongue. The "Dutch Frogs" are spitting out their spite; and the Rhenish Confederation is personified as a herd of starved "Rats," ready to feast on the Corsican. The great "Russian Bear," the only ally Napoleon has secured, is shaking his chain and growling —a formidable enemy in the rear.

UNDER THE OPEN SKY*

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

LIFE has two special methods of disciplining the human soul that, while they may be good for it, inflict upon it some stripes particularly hard to endure. When he whose wandering foot is chained at home reads the list of names of people who have sailed upon an ocean liner the hot irons of envy and longing that his heart knows are equalled only by the stabs dealt to the soul of him who, held to city streets while his blood is dancing to the tune of the wind upon the hills, reads books about the wide out-doors. So I wish to give fair warning that the books reviewed below are red-hot irons that sear and scorch, sharp knives that thrust themselves in and turn around in the wound. I know, for I have read them—read them inside four walls whose windows looked out upon piles of brick and concrete and down upon streets whence rose waves of heat and dust and evil smells. And they told me of mountain trails and forests and wind-swept hills and the desert by night and waves rippling upon a sandy beach. If one walks humbly under one's crosses doubtless there is much good and needed discipline for the soul to be extracted from each one of these books by readers similarly situated. As for me, my soul is still unrepentant, but I would read the books all over again if I had the time. For every one of them is interesting enough to reward a second reading; and also, if one cannot have forest aisles and mountain summits, and wide sweep of empty horizons at first

*A Book-Lover's Holidays in the Open. By Theodore Roosevelt. Three illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Under the Apple-Trees. By John Burroughs. Frontispiece. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Mountain: Renewed Studies in Impressions and Appearances. Frontispiece. By John C. Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Child and Country: A Book of the Younger Generation. By Will Levington Comfort. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Wild Animal Ways. By Ernest Thompson Seton. Illustrated by the Author. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Birds and Man. By W. H. Hudson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

The Dune Country. By Earl H. Reed. Illustrated by the Author. New York: John Lane Company.

Through Glacier Park: Seeing America First with Howard Eaton. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Camp Fires in the Yukon. By Harry A. Auer. Illustrated from photographs. Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd Company.

Let Us Go Afield. By Emerson Hough. Illustrated from photographs. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Along New England Roads. By W. C. Prime. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Chronicles of the White Mountains. By Frederick W. Kilbourne. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Hills of Hingham. By Dallas Lore Sharp. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

A Northern Countryside. By Rosalind Richards. Illustrated from photographs by Bertrand H. Wentworth. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The Latchstring to Maine Woods and Waters. By Walter Emerson. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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hand there is much pleasure, though envy and longing do stab meanwhile, in getting them by proxy through the printed page.

While these books are all more or less and in one way or another about the world in the open they approach the out-of-doors in so many different ways and deal with so many kinds of out-of-doors that almost any reader whose face turns wistfully toward open skies and wide spaces can find among them something to please his fancy and meet his need. And, after all, those whose hearts give loyalty to the gods of sea and mountain, forest and desert, are all one brotherhood when they hear the call, whether they set forth with book or rifle, canoe or fishing tackle, or only with empty hands and eager eyes. It is worth noting also that nearly all the volumes deal with the United States.

"A BOOK-LOVER'S HOLIDAYS IN THE OPEN"

"The joy of living is his who has the heart to demand it," says Colonel Roosevelt, summing up at the end of his somewhat impassioned "Foreword" the ideas with which in the course of its four pages he has been endeavouring to show what physical and spiritual uplift, what splendid enjoyment, what exalted satisfaction are his who has strength and courage for hardy adventure in the wild places of the earth. The book describes a number and variety of such joys that have given zest to his own life. It shows also, partly by implication and partly by open evidence, how much any man of intelligence can increase the pleasures which the wild places afford by the habit of study and wide reading.

Three of the papers deal with holiday activities in the Southwest—hunting, riding, camping, observing, on the rim of the Grand Canyon, across the Navajo desert, at a Hopi snake-dance. That Colonel Roosevelt has such wide and varied interests enhances the pleasure of his readers almost as much as it does his own enjoyment of a holiday journey. He knows the flowers, he has studied the animals, he is interested in the archæology, the geology, the human beings, the prehistoric remains; and whatever he sees or whatever happens touches a spring in his mind which sets him to thinking, remembering, feeling; and his readers get the benefit. Three chapters are concerned with experiences in South America. The longest of the papers is a study of primitive man, archæological and modern, in his relations with the horse, the lion and the elephant. *Books for Holidays in the Open,* the author frankly says, is a confession as to his own likes in reading and it reveals him as a wide-ranging reader of omnivorous tastes.

"UNDER THE APPLE-TREES"

John Burroughs shares with Emerson the characteristic that he ought always to be read out-of-doors. Whether he is writing about the life of bird or beast or plant or about philosophy or the speculations of science, there is that in his pages which makes them more enjoyable and more significant if they are read under open skies with green curtains round about and nature's orchestra playing its accompaniment to his thought. Perhaps it is because so much of his work is written out-of-doors. But more likely it is because he has, as Emerson had, the out-doors mind—the serene, broad-visioned, tolerant, deeply understanding mind that nature moulds with her own hands, when those hands are loved. One feels this to be especially true of Mr. Burroughs's new volume of essays. It would be a most companionable book to read, as the author says most of it was written under the trees of an old orchard; or during the rest hours of a camping trip in the woods; or on a ledge of rock under a tree at the edge of a meadow. Nearly half its pages deal with "the little currents of wild life" that flowed about him as he sat in his old apple orchard and worked or watched. There he had adventures, now with a chipmunk, again with a blue-bird, or a sapsucker, or a phœbe-bird. He remembers other ad-

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ventures and observations in other years and places and tells of them in his easy, pleasant narrative. Some of the pages relate what he saw and did with birds in the winter in the South and in Southern California.

About half the essays are concerned with one or another phase of philosophy or of scientific theories and developments in their relations to the great questions of life. Among the subjects thus treated are the freedom of the will, scientific faith, mind in nature below man, life and chance.

"THE MOUNTAIN"

Those who have read Professor John Van Dyke's fascinating book on *The Desert,* or that on *The Opal Sea,* will know just what pleasure awaits them in this new volume. Like its predecessors it is a glowing, colourful web woven out of scientific knowledge, this time concerning the making and the nature of mountains, personal impressions and memories, ardent appreciation of their beauty and grandeur, response to every phase of their appeal to man. The author ranges the mountains of the world for his illustrative references and he knows their science and their history, but his chief concern is with their pictorial quality, their appeal to man and man's response. He approaches his subject by the path of a long ride across the Dakota plains, in the days when only wild men and wild animals knew them, with the Rockies growing ever clearer and more dominant upon the western horizon. Then he takes up the scientific explanations of the making and the form of mountains and mountain ranges. In the following chapters he travels gradually through the hills, the rock bases, up the mountain sides, through the timber zone, the barren stretch above the timber line, past mountain waters, glaciers and avalanches to the everlasting snow, and then beyond the snow to examine and describe and comment upon the needle-pointed rocks beyond it, "splintered peaks that thrust through the white cloak and lift into the sky." Still another chapter mounts into the blue and silver of heaven as one sees it from the tops of the highest mountains. Those to whom the "everlasting hills" are a source of deep delight will find in Prof. Van Dyke's volume exactly the kind of book they have always wanted.

"CHILD AND COUNTRY"

A great many reviewers have said about a great many books that they were "different." The word, used in that way, has become as hackneyed as any other adjective. Yet, it takes on freshness and individuality once more when it is applied to Will Levington Comfort's new book—after reading the book. For the work is such a mixture of philosophy, experiment, vision, fact, appreciation of beauty, common sense dealing with every day matters, as one can hardly find in any other recent volume. In form it is a series of essay-like chapters concerned with the author's making of a home on the shore of Lake Erie and with the working out of an undertaking that developed almost of itself in the way of educating the minds and souls of several young people. But anecdote, incident, conversation, description, his own groping or developing or arrived ideas all converge toward this conviction: "The development of youth is the first work of man; the highest ideal may be answered first hand. Also through the development of the young the father best puts on his own wisdom and rectitude."

In this new book Mr. Comfort is not novelist, but preacher, in the broadest and finest sense of the term; a preacher who has evolved out of life a rich message concerned with the romance, the beauty, the worth and the spiritual values of all life.

"WILD ANIMAL WAYS"

It is some fifteen years or more since Ernest Thompson Seton began to delight a large circle of readers with his

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wild animal portraits, which, being blessed with two gifts of expression, he could present with both pencil and pen. His method has changed little since that first book and each new collection of tales means merely a different set of animals. There are those who think that perhaps Mr. Seton draws rather too much upon his own imagination in the rich investment of human characteristics which he gives to his animal heroes. And there are also others who declare that it needs only patience and intelligence in watching animals to see in any brute creature as many mental, moral and spiritual qualities as he discovers. At any rate, the wise reader can prove his wisdom by getting from Mr. Seton's tales the entertainment that is always there in brimming measure and learning from them how to use his eyes and his mind with more care upon the animals within his range of vision. Mr. Seton says in his preface that the stories about a coon, a razor-back hog and a bat are merely natural history in story form into which he has put the results of his own and others' observations. The two latter are the longest in the book and in wealth of detail, construction and story interest most readers are likely to find them the best. The other tales, which are about an outlaw horse, a dog, wild geese and a monkey, are, he says, either wholly or largely true.

"BIRDS AND MAN"

Nobody who loves both birds and literature can afford to miss Mr. Hudson's book. It is a new edition of a work that has been out of print for some years but has been revised by the author, who has added some new chapters for this reappearance. Mr. Hudson has heretofore been far too little known in this country. There are few—one can make it stronger and say, there have been few observers of nature who have written of what they have seen in a way to satisfy the mind in so many ways. He does not tell of birds and plants as one who describes and lists, nor as one who interprets, nor as one who offers information. He watches these lower forms of life for the blessed joy he takes in observing them and writes about them that others may share that joy. As he watches, his mind ranges widely; for he has travelled or lived in various regions of the earth and is especially conversant with many parts of South America; and as it ranges he thinks, remembers, compares, searches for reasons, discovers causes, resolves psychological puzzles. For those who love literature his pages are worth reading for their beauty of style as much as for their wisdom about wild things and their treasure of unusual, delicate thinking. Quite truly does Mr. Galsworthy say of him that "He is at his best about the greatest English living stylist." This volume tells of walks and strolls and observations round about the British Isles wherein the author recalled also the beauty and the songs of birds and memories of life and people he had known elsewhere. There is a chapter on "Geese" that proclaims that disdained member of birddom as a bird of lofty spirit and noble figure worthy of respect and admiration. Fine perception and clever thinking are in several chapters that seek to find the reason for the charm in certain bird voices and in flowers. This is the third of Mr. Hudson's books to be put before American readers within the last year or two. It is to be hoped this means that they are discovering his notable charm and worth.

"THE DUNE COUNTRY"

Mr. Reed's beautiful book about the dunes that sweep for many miles along the shores of Lake Michigan is of the sort that it is always a delight to take up, turn pages, look at pictures, read a bit here and there, when one wishes to indulge and refresh oneself for a few minutes. He is a gifted and skilled etcher, and the sixty illustrations by his own hand which fill whole pages, are scattered through the text, or form head or tail pieces will perhaps interest and delight many readers as much as does

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the text itself. For into them the artist has put the very spirit of the dunes, their weird configurations, their solemn stillness, their harmonious, interesting lines, the unconscious humour of the human and animal life that is scattered over them. They are as full of pictorial values as a Japanese print and at the same time they are infinitely suggestive of wide wastes, of aweinspiring silences, of nature's subtle and irresistible forces. Mr. Reed has spent much time in this region, having gone there upon many sketching trips, and has found for both pen and pencil a wealth of interesting material. The romantic and poetic quality, the curious and interesting features of these yellow wastes and their quaint life have for him been rich in values. And the sympathetic reader will find this region, hitherto untouched by either artist or writer, as interesting as does Mr. Reed himself.

"THROUGH GLACIER PARK"

Joyous was the trip Mrs. Rinehart had last summer as one of a party of forty-two who were guided for three hundred miles through Glacier Park by Howard Eaton. And she writes of it with such zest that nobody with love of the mountains in his heart can help responding with desire for the trails of that pleasure ground far up on the northern edge of Montana. One does not glean from her slender volume much information about the Park. But one does get fleeting pictures in outline, little patches of colour, vivid impressions, and through it all the sense of an experience of which the author enjoyed every moment with the keenest delight. The party rode on horseback—when they did not walk and lead their horses over dangerous trails—and camped by the wayside at night. Mrs. Rinehart had a thrilling experience with bears, enjoyed a glorious day of fishing, loved the camp-fires round which the whole party gathered and told stories at night, learned to unsaddle her horse. The numerous illustrations are from photographs of the party on the trails and in camp. The little book is good reading because of its zest, its breeziness, its sense of space and its humour. And doubtless it will be a good missionary in spreading more widely a knowledge of Glacier Park. If the chapter of criticisms of the government for its neglect of that playground should bring about some result the book would be still more worth while.

"CAMP-FIRES IN THE YUKON"

A devoted lover of the wilderness and a despiser of civilised places, Mr. Auer has written an account of a two months' trip into the wildest depths of the Yukon country to study various kinds of game on its native ranges and to obtain specimens for game collections. From Whitehouse the party went west by wagon trail to Lake Kluane, thence by pack train to the St. Elias range, into which they penetrated deeply, keeping much of the time upon the move from one camp to another, observing caribou, moose, wolves, mountain sheep, bears, silver and black foxes, and other game and now and then shooting game for food. During the latter part of the time they spent a week among the goat ranges of the Slims Mountains, where they found both mountain sheep and goats in unusual proximity. Mr. Auer writes with the ardour, born of both instinct and training, of the true lover of wilderness adventure. His narrative describes with appreciation the constantly changing setting of their adventures, and tells enough about equipment and ways and means and paths of travel to be helpful to others wishing to follow in his footsteps. An appendix contains much information upon the characteristics and range of the most important large game of the Yukon.

"THE HILLS OF HINGHAM"

Perhaps the quaintest thing about the New England out-of-doors is that ever since New England became a literary

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resort those who have loved it and written about it have established for themselves any kind of a setting they desired. Thoreau is not the only one who has been able to write of woodlots as if they were endless forests, of checkerboard pastures as if they were sweeping plains, of wrinkles in the soil as if they were mountain ranges. The New England intellect has shown nothing more markedly individual and characteristic than is this peculiar endowment and Dallas Lore Sharp in the first paragraph of his charming book gives a half-unwilling, half-boastful glimpse of its source. He is explaining why he calls the book *The Hills of Hingham,* when the town is really situated on a plain: "Anybody can have a hill in Hingham who is content without elevation, a surveyor's term as applied to hills, and a purely accidental property which is not at all essential to real hillness, or the sense of height. We have a stump on Mullein Hill for height." There you have it. A hill, a wilderness, a forest, a mountain is merely a state of mind. And you are a poor stick if you cannot call to the aid of your pen whatever state of mind you wish. But, whether you are satisfied with these things as mental attitudes or prefer the realities, you will find something to enjoy on every page of Mr. Sharp's book. It does not pretend to consequence of any sort and the author is often delightfully inconsequent in his meditations. It is a highly personal book about the author's fourteen rocky acres, the stump whereon he sits when he wants to quit harvesting stones and pick nuggets of philosophy out of his mind, the four boys and Her, and also the puppy, and the cow and the pigs. There is a wise chapter about bees with a wonderful bee story in it. And there are whimseys without end and quaint turns of thought, and much philosophy, in small packages, and not a little sentiment, and all through and over and about the whole of it the flavour of deep, serene enjoyment and content.

"ALONG NEW ENGLAND ROADS"

This is a new edition, called for by the perennial interest in New England as a vacation land and a region of people and scenery and life of unique and never-failing attraction, of a book that originally was written by Mr. Prime as occasional correspondence through a long series of years of a New York paper. It catches so truly and so simply the living flavour of New England life and character and scene that it is not strange it should have this long lease of vigourous life. The author's eyes range far and wide across valleys and hills, farms and villages, as he travels up and down the New England roads, noting and describing scenes of interest, remembering bits of history, talking with people, philosophising upon local life and discussing New England qualities.

"CHRONICLES OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS"

Mr. Kilbourne quotes in his preface the recent statement of a bibliographer of the White Mountains that they have probably had more written about them than any other mountains, with the single exception of the Alps. But however many may have been the volumes there was still room for Mr. Kilbourne's interesting and informing book. It will be enjoyed and valued by all those residents of New England and visitors thither who want to know something more of a delightful land than can be learned by the casual glancing of an eye up and down a mountain side or across a valley. With enough brevity to make his "Chronicles" easily readable and enough detail to make them humanly interesting, he tells comprehensively the story of the White Mountains. Indian legend and history give him his starting point, whence he comes to the white explorers, the early settlements and settlers and their haps and mishaps, the noted visitors, American and foreign, the beginnings of the region as a summer resort, the poets, painters and scientists who have been identified

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with it, the hotel developments, the trails and roads and railroads, and the more recent changes in travel and business.

"A NORTHERN COUNTRYSIDE"

This first book by the daughter of Laura E. Richards and the granddaughter of Julia Ward Howe shows the heritage through three generations of the instinct for the art of words. For Miss Richards's slender volume has literary qualities that mark it with a certain modest distinction—refinement, simplicity, an unerring selective sense that goes straight for essentials and reports them with truth, quick response to whatever is fine and noble in man or nature and the ability to invest with interest and consequence whatever subject her pen touches. The sketches of life and people and scenery of a countryside somewhere in Maine composing the book are done with a graphic touch and in a style notable for its simple grace and clarity.

"THE LATCHSTRING"

This comprehensive book about "Maine Woods and Waters" and Maine in general Mr. Emerson offers for the use of any one who wishes to go thither for either business or pleasure or to learn about it at a distance. He knows the State thoroughly and writes of its allurements and advantages with love and loyalty though with commendable reticence in the matter of adjectives and sentimental enthusiasm. He takes the reader along its shore, up its rivers, to its lake regions, into its forests and through its hills, filling his pages as he goes along with information about fishing, hunting, canoeing and other ways of holiday making and also about the resources and business possibilities of the State. He devotes much attention to the present condition and the possibilities of the lumber industry, the water power and agriculture and also of the region as both a summer and a winter resort.

"LET US GO AFIELD"

More than a dozen detached papers on the general subject of enjoying yourself out-of-doors are here gathered together by Mr. Hough. He sets forth a great many reasons why you should go camping for your holidays and gives counsel and advice about it. There are several chapters for fishermen that tell of fishing in various parts of the country. Still others deal with big game of several kinds, and with game fields and game laws. One makes a study of the killing off of American wildfowl, the laws for their conservation and the present outlook. Some of the papers take up the question of going afield in a general way and discuss the advantages to be derived from cultivating the habit. And all are written with much knowledge and the literary skill that can always make knowledge of any sort interesting.

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HAFIZ AT FORTY

(From his seat by the Caravansary)

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

I'VE slipped into the years betwixt the green of youth and age,
Betwixt the dawn and the sunset, upon life's pilgrimage.
And well do I love the green yet, though turned toward the grey:
But I do not cry for the flowers of it,
The April-tripping hours of it,
And all the singing bowers of it,
As on I take my way.

At twenty I had nor scrip nor staff, my limbs were lightly clad;
My food was space—and a girl's face—from Yazd to Allahabad!
And each, then, did I love—and each is still my houri-one:
Though I am not sad for the lips of them,
The clinging finger-tips of them,
Nor . . . for the moonlit sips of them
I took, as benison.

And every road at twenty led me to my Mecca, Joy;
Where Allah might be, or not be: that was not my employ!
For earth was made, and that was enough: I walked a Paradise:
Yet not to sigh for the sun of it,
The Sufi visions spun of it;
Or—now—with soul undone of it,
Refuse to pay the price!

For if I was Infidel, as Doctors avow; or worse, mad;
And if the only Koran I read was the strong heart I had;
I want no other or better bliss than such insanity!
Though I will not sue for the day of it,
The long wild passion sway of it,
The wine and minstrel way of it,
To come again to me.

For Forty is good as Twenty—to him who loves the earth.
The bulbul sings a different song, but one as sweet of worth.
A face is not so fair, then, though fairer is the soul:
So here, by the Caravansary,
Where I may every dancer see,
A quiet seat will answer me
As well, upon the whole.

As well! and youth may laugh at age—for age can laugh at youth.
And not a sunnier laughter leaps from Joy, than out of Truth.
Nor boots it *what* our years may be, if laughter is our friend,
So though it is clear that now I store
Along my thinning brow two score,
I keep *this*—if I keep no more—
A glad heart, to the end!

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CONCERNING LITERARY PROPERTY*

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

IN recent issues of *Collier's Weekly* and of the *Atlantic Monthly* there appeared two stories that have been made the subject of much subsequent comment. The *Atlantic* story was found to have been based on a scene in Frank Norris's *Blix*. But the *Collier's* story was more important. It was signed by Mr. George Patullo, a very well-known writer of short stories, and dealt with a party of Americans trying to make their way out of turbulent, war-devastated Mexico, and in particular with a woman called "Dutch Annie," who belonged to the oldest profession in the world. The question seems to be whether one should express surprise at Mr. Patullo's boldness or admiration of his taste in selection. For changing only names and places he has followed episode by episode, and situation by situation, one of the most famous of all short stories, Guy de Maupassant's *Boule de Suif*. The stage-coach of 1870 has been transformed into the railway train of 1915, the Norman countryside into the Mexican desert, and the Prussian officer has donned the Mexican uniform. But it is all there, the pitiless contrast between the little, self-sacrificing outcast and the ingratitude of the representatives of the cruel, ungenerous, intolerant world. What is the answer? Is it "plagiarism" or "conquest"?

Very few weeks pass in which we are able to keep entirely clear of this subject of "literary conquest." It crops up at every turn. For instance, a friend will take us to one side and in hushed tones ask our candid opinion of the Brown-Smith affair. Have we not read Brown's poem "The Fiddler's Bow" in the current issue of the *Coronet* magazine? Have we compared it with Smith's "The Bow of the Fiddler," which was printed in the *Eureka* for last May? If so, what do we think? Brown has changed the metre slightly, but the idea is absolutely the same, and there are one or two lines that are practically identical. Coincidence? Nonsense. The one surprising thing is that Brown dared to do it so openly. Two or three unpleasant stories have gone the rounds about Brown—his easy manner of free-hand translations from the French and German without credit—but in a case like this could he not realise how many people would be sure to notice it? And is it not the duty of some newspaper magazine to point out "the very curious resemblance," to express it mildly, if for no other reason than that of self-preservation from similar attempts? And when our friends have finished, letters from total strangers begin coming in couched in the same strain, and it soon seems as if all the world had been busying itself comparing the two poems and holding up its hands in protestation at Brown's iniquity. But it is very seldom that anything definite comes of the matter. For the time being Brown is undoubtedly discredited and editors will be wary of whatever he may send them. But there is always the possibility that he did *not* see that poem of Smith's, that is *was* merely a strange coincidence, and so the benefit of the doubt is given to Brown. We tell each other glibly that these ideas are all in the air; that they are in a way common property; it is so easy to believe and repeat that there is nothing new under the sun. It is your misfortune, we tell you, if the plot of Robinson's new novel—for the

*This article is based largely on a paper which appeared in THE BOOKMAN for September, 1904, called "Literary Conquest and the Idea in the Air," and signed Stanhope Searles. In view of the subject it is best to explain that "Stanhope Searles" was a pseudonym used by the present writer.

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last seven months among the best six sellers—is substantially the plot which you have been cherishing secretly for years: it is not Robinson's fault. But there are times when it is too much to ask you to look at the matter in the proper spirit of philosophy and fortitude. Especially if you are possessed of what we like to call the artistic temperament. Daudet, who knew this artistic temperament down to its pettiest and most exasperating form, drew in *Jack,* the picture of the priggish and peevish poet d'Argenton, rushing home from Paris to his ménage in the country, hurling maledictions at the heads of those whom he believed were in some way stealing and using his ideas. "What do you think? They played a new comedy of Emile Augier's at the Theatre Français. And it is nothing in the world but my *Atalanta's Apples.* Oh! It is infamous!"

From time to time when a magazine has printed and paid for a story or a poem, and has subsequently learned of its very remarkable resemblance to some other poem or story which has previously been printed elsewhere, it is thought best to write to the discredited author asking if he or she has any explanation to make. But explanations elicited in this way are very seldom satisfactory. Sometimes it is Injured Innocence who replies, overwhelming you with such a torrent of indignation that you begin to feel yourself in some way the offender. Then again the author will ignore entirely the resemblance to which you allude, but hint darkly and vaguely that if you only knew the tragedy or the romance connected with the composition of that poem you would blush for shame at having suggested such a thing as imitation. Occasionally you will find some hardened sinner who amiably refers you to Dumas's well-known saying about "literary conquest," and points out that all literary ideas are common property and that you really have nothing of which to complain. Of course, this does not apply where it is a case of absolute imitation. And such cases are by no means so rare as most people would imagine. For instance, as was told last month, Mr. Richard Harding Davis's tale "The Editor's Story," while published as fiction was absolute fact down to the last detail. When Mr. Davis was the editor of *Harper's Weekly* there were submitted to that periodical a number of poems which were found to be absolute copies of poems already published. The name of the sender was authentic, but the various addresses given proved to be fictitious. The most pretentious of the poems was called "The Studio," and had appeared in *The Century* some months before. Mr. Davis showed the imitation to Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, who expressed his hope that the offender be caught and punished. *Harper's Weekly* at last found a clue which led directly to the son of a very prominent city official. It promised to be a big news story, one that would set New York to talking for two or three days, so Mr. Davis sent for Stephen Bonsall of the *Herald* and together they tracked the original of the young Mr. Aram of the tale to his home in a Harlem apartment house. How they tricked and cornered him, how they wrung from him an acknowledgment of his wrongdoing, how they were led to abandon their plan of exposing and prosecuting him will be found in the story. In not one detail did the yarn vary from the actual occurrence.

The present writer was very much surprised some years ago to come across an old friend in the way of a plot. It was printed in an English magazine, and the surprise was due to the fact that it purported to be an absolutely new story, and was signed by a woman who holds an exceedingly high place among contemporary English writers, the author of a novel which twelve or thirteen years ago was for some months the most talked of book of the day. The tale dealt with a cashier of a bank in a small Western town who one afternoon had occasion to carry about a very large sum of ready money for the purpose of

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buying bonds for his bank. Through some failure in the negotiations he found himself that evening with the money still in his possession, on his way to the lonely house, some miles out in the country, occupied by his wife and himself. That night a message came purporting to be from the directors of his bank summoning him back to town. Locking the money in a cupboard he told his wife to bar all the doors after him, to open the house on no condition, not even if any one came claiming to have a message from him, and then wrapping himself in a great-coat went out into the rising storm. An hour passed. Suddenly there came a rapping at the door and a piteous voice begging for shelter. It was a tramp who said that he was freezing in the snow. The woman told him that she was alone and could not let him in, whereupon he asked if there were not some outhouse in which he might sleep. Her heart was softened by his accents of suffering and she finally spoke of the wood-shed adjoining the kitchen, and warmed by the kitchen stove, and told him that he might pass the night there if he would wait until she had unlocked the outer door of the wood-shed, and locked again the door leading back into the kitchen. The tramp gave his promise, but by way of precaution she ran upstairs and looked out of a window to see that he was not trying to rush in when she opened the door. The tramp was sitting quietly in the snow, so she slipped down, opened the wood-shed, and hurrying back locked all the doors between them. Another hour passed. All at once above the raging of the storm she heard the sound of voices followed by a beating at the door and a demand for admittance. With her heart beating fast she called "John, get down the gun," but this was met by a jeering laugh from without and a hoarse voice crying, "We know there is no John. We got your husband away by a decoy letter and we know that you are alone," and with a crash the blade of an axe tore its way through the barred door. The woman, helpless and in desperation, suddenly thought of the tramp. She rushed through the kitchen into the wood-shed and called to him. "Can you shoot?" she asked. He said he could. "Then take this Winchester and, as you are a man, shoot down the first one that enters that door." Under repeated blows of the axe the door gave way and the leader of the robbers, his face covered by a black mask, rushed in. The tramp fired and the man fell dead. The mask slipped from his face. It was her husband who had taken this means of getting the bank's money and averting suspicion from himself. It cannot be denied that the talented author in question had here an excellent plot for a dramatic story, only a good many people preferred it about twenty-five years ago, when it originally appeared in the pages of *Harper's Magazine*. In strict justice, however, it should be pointed out that the story is one which may have been told of a winter's evening to the author in question and that she used it simply because it was good material and without the knowledge that it had previously appeared in print.

The following is a case of a very different nature. By no possibility could one treat it in the light of conscious or unconscious imitation, and yet it illustrates admirably the workings of the literary mind and the making use of the idea in the air. One of the most striking characters of Miss Ellen Glasgow's novel *The Deliverance* was a venerable aristocratic lady of the old South, to whom, one dark day during the Civil War, the news of her beloved husband's death at the front brought sudden blindness and paralysis. From the knowledge of her other misfortunes, the loss of the family estates and the fall of the cause of the Confederacy, she was happily spared. Those about her guarded her and lied to her with loving solicitude. Although they were living in a rude cabin she was never allowed to know that it was not the stately home of her early married life. Every luxury to which she had been accustomed was supplied to her. She believed to the end

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of her days in her slaves and her lands. Finally for her ears they had invented another ending to the war. Victory after victory won by Lee and Longstreet and Beauregard had led to the triumph of the South and the Confederacy was an established fact. It is a striking and effective story, but place it side by side with "The Siege of Berlin" of Alphonse Daudet. The French tale tells of one Colonel Jouve, an old cuirassier, who at the time of the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War is stricken down by apoplexy because he has seen the name of Napoleon appended to the bulletin announcing the defeat of Wissembourg. The physician called to attend him finds him under the care of his grand-daughter in an apartment on the Champs Elysées which they have taken for the purpose of witnessing the triumphal re-entry of the French troops. A day or two later the condition of the old warrior is much ameliorated by the first report of the battle of Reichshoffen, which tells of a great victory, twenty thousand Prussians slain, the Prince Royal a prisoner. When the true news of the disastrous battle arrives they dare not tell him and then begin the long weeks of deception in which the granddaughter and the physicians are conspirators. While France is staggering under defeat they are pouring into his ear tales of glorious victory. They compose for his benefit letters from his son at the front, they invent for him stories of battles on German plains, and by means of little flags pinned on the map of Germany build up for his eyes and ears the details of a glorious campaign. The time comes when Paris is invested and one day the old colonel is startled by the booming of the Prussian guns. They soothe him by saying that another victory has been won before Berlin and that the noise he hears is the firing at the Invalides in its honour. During all the horrors of the siege they manage to keep him supplied with the little luxuries to which he has been accustomed, although there is nothing for anyone else. Sometimes, enlivened by his repast, in the full joy of physical content and comfort, the old cuirassier delights in telling of his privations in the Napoleonic campaigns, when there was no other food than frozen biscuit and horse-flesh. "Do you know what that means, child? We ate horse flesh!" She knew very well. For two months she had tasted no other meat. Finally comes the fatal day when the Prussians are to make their triumphal entry into Paris. An inkling of the momentous news reaches the old man, but to his mind it means the re-entry of the victorious French troops, so cunningly he arrays himself in his uniform of an old cuirassier of Milhaud and slips silently out on the balcony. He is amazed to find the avenue so wide and still, the houses closed and only white flags with red crosses in sight.

> For a moment he must have believed he had made a mistake—but, no! yonder, behind the Arc de Triomphe, issued an indistinct rattle, a black line advanced steadily into the morning light. Then by degrees the tops of helmets could be seen flashing in the sunlight, and the drums of Jena began to beat. And then beneath the Arc de l'Etoile, accented by the rhythmic tramp of the regiments and the clashing of sabres, resounded the triumphal strains of Schubert. Then through the dismal silence was heard a terrible cry, "To arms! to arms! the Prussians!" and the four Uhlans of the advance guard, looking toward the balcony above, saw the majestic figure of an old man reeling, his arms outstretched. He fell heavily. This time the shock had indeed proved fatal. Colonel Jouve was dead.

From time to time THE BOOKMAN has called attention to the different forms under which a certain seed idea—briefly, that of a man walling up his enemy in a tomb and leaving him there to perish—has reappeared in fiction. This idea gave Balzac "La Grande Bretêche;" Poe, "The Cask of Amontillado;" Mrs. Wharton, "The Duchess at Prayer;" Conan Doyle, "The New Catacomb." And there undoubtedly have been others. Another seed idea which has had a number of literary in-

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carnations is that which Mrs. Shelley used in *Frankenstein*. Probably back in the days of the grandeur that was Rome and the glory that was Greece men liked to dwell in imagination on the fantastic thought of building a monster out of odds and ends and endowing it with life. It is a weird conception as common to all men of all kinds as were the sorceries of the East to the story spinners of *The Arabian Nights*. The human mind can give it precisely the same amount of credence as it gives to the utterance of magic words, the transformation of men and women into the beasts of the field, and the rubbing of the wonderful lamp of Aladdin. But the Western world demands that when the obviously supernatural is seriously used as the basis of fiction it be accompanied by at least a suggestion of the scientific. Frankenstein was no mere sorcerer, he was a medical student who through a series of strange experiments had stumbled upon the secret of endowing the inanimate with life. Since Mrs. Shelley's day this Frankenstein idea has been made use of time and time again. In almost all the stories of recent years it has been linked with Egyptology. A man buys or kidnaps a mummy on the banks of the Nile, carries it with him to some obscure corner of England, brings it back to life by virtue of some strange secret known only to himself, and uses it to his own iniquitous ends. This was the basis of Conan Doyle's grewsome tale "Lot No. 249." It was substantially the basis of Mr. Bram Stoker's *The Jewel of Seven Stars*. It has been the basis of other tales of other climes and days, times beyond computation. They are all merely variations of the old, old idea—the idea in the air.

READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Philosophy

The Case of John Smith. His Heaven and His Hell. By Elizabeth Bisland. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

John Smith, a humble toiler, shows himself receptive to the truths that the Spirit of Understanding is able to unveil. And so before him is unfolded the course of cosmic history. He beholds the wonders of the infinitely great and the infinitely minute, the growth and decay of worlds, the development of life, the formation of creeds, and the error and false ideals with which the world has battled.

Religion, Theology

Bergson and Religion. By Lucius Hopkins Miller. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.50 net.

An attempt to assess the religious value of Bergson's teaching.

Into the Light. By Bruce Mac Lelland. New York: R. F. Fenno & Company. Frontispiece. $1.00 net.

Essays on religious topics.

Mohammedanism: Lectures on Its Origin, Its Religious and Political Growth, and Its Present State. By C. Snouck Hucgronje. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

An account of the main problems connected with the origin, the religious and political growth, and the present state of Mohammedanism. In the series of *American Lectures on the History of Religions*.

Sociology, Economics

Alcohol and Society. By John Koren. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.25 net.

A discussion of the liquor problem under the headings "Social Aspects of Drink," "Drink Reform in the United States," "Government and Prohibition," "Drink Reform in Foreign Countries," "Constructive Temperance Reform." The book is based on articles which appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

A Honeymoon Experiment. By Margaret and Stuart Chase. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.00 net.

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Instead of the conventional wedding journey, the authors went to Rochester and spent six weeks looking for work, living meanwhile only on their earnings. The book is a record of their experiences, and a presentation of the labour problems they encountered.

Present-day China. The Narrative of a Nation's Advance. By Gardner L. Harding. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

A study of social and economic conditions in China.

The Socialism of To-day. A Source-book of the Present Position and Recent Development of the Socialist and Labour Parties in All Countries, Consisting Mainly of Original Documents. Edited by William English Walling, J. G. Phelps Stokes, Jessie Wallace Hughan, Harry W. Laidler and other members of a committee of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.60 net.

Political Economy

The American Plan of Government: The Constitution of the United States Interpreted by Accepted Authorities. By Charles W. Bacon, Assisted by Franklyn S. Morse, with an Introduction by George Gordon Battle. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

The work presents the Constitution as a logical whole with the amendments dealt with in connection with the clauses which they alter or supersede.

Political Thought in England: The Utilitarians from Bentham to J. S. Mill. By William L. Davison. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 50 cents net.

Volume 99 in the *Home University Library*.

The Single Tax Movement in the United States. By Arthur Nichols Young. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $1.50 net.

An endeavour to give a complete historical account of the single tax movement in the United States, together with a discussion of the tactics of the single-taxers, their programme, the present status of the movement and its influence upon economic thought and social reform.

Military and Naval Preparedness

Awake! U. S. A. Are We in Danger? Are We Prepared? By William Freeman. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00 net.

A book on national preparedness illustrated with diagrams and statistics.

The Dangers of Half-Preparedness. A Plea for a Declaration of American Policy. An Address by Norman Angell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 50 cents.

"An argument, not that the advocate of preparedness is asking too much, but that he is asking too little; not that we do not need armament, but that we need something else as well; it is an argument not against preparedness, but against preparedness by dangerous half-methods."

From Doomsday to Kingdom Come. By Seymour Deming. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. 50 cents net.

An interpretation of the meaning of the last quarter-century in the world's progress, with special reference to the United States, and of the bearing of the European war on the present and the future of mankind.

The Heritage of Tyre. By William Brown Meloney. New York: The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.

A discussion of the problem of America's sea power, and a plea for an adequate navy.

War Books

England's Effort: Letters to an American Friend. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. With a Preface by Joseph H. Choate. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00 net.

An account of how England has met the problems created by the war. A reply to the question "Has England done all she could?"

The First Seven Divisions. Being a detailed Account of the Fighting from Mons to Ypres. By Ernest W. Hamilton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Maps. $1.50 net.

An account of the part taken by the British Expeditionary Forces in France and Belgium. The author is Captain of the 11th Hussars.

German Atrocities: An Official Investigation. By J. H. Morgan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.00 net.

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An enquiry into facts, based on German, French, Belgian and British attested documents.

The German Spirit. By Kuno Francke. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.00 net.

Three papers—"German Literature and the American Temper," "The True Germany," and "Germany's Contribution to Civilisation"—aiming to restore American sympathy with Germany.

Impressions and Experiences of a French Trooper, 1914-1915. By Christian Mallet. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Frontispiece. $1.00 net.

An account of the retreat from Belgium, the battle of the Marne, and the attack at Loos, as seen by a French soldier.

In the Russian Ranks. A Soldier's Account of the Fighting in Poland. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

An English soldier's account of ten months' fighting in Poland.

My Home in the Field of Honour. By Frances Wilson Huard. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

A narrative of the author's flight from her home in Villiers before the German drive and the French retreat in the early days of the war.

My Secret Service. Vienna, Sophia, Constantinople, Nish, Belgrade, Asia Minor, etc. By The Man Who Dined with the Kaiser. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $1.00.

A record of the adventures of a correspondent who travelled in England's behalf through the Central Empires.

Nationality in Modern History. By J. Holland Rose. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

Lectures on the varied manifestations of nationality among the chief nations of Europe as the background of the war, aiming to give a clearer understanding of those factors which made for war.

New Wars for Old. Being a Statement of Radical Pacificism in Terms of Force versus Non-Resistance, with Special Reference to the Facts and Problems of the Great War. By John Haynes Holmes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.50 net.

An exposition of the pacificist argument.

The Problems and Lessons of the War. Clark University Addresses. December 16, 17, and 18, 1915. Edited by George H. Blakeslee. With a Foreword by G. Stanley Hall. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00 net.

Twenty-five addresses by prominent men dealing with such topics as preparedness, economic aspects of the war, and the rights and obligations of naturalised citizens, and presenting the American, British and German viewpoints on the world conflict.

They Shall Not Pass. By Frank H. Simonds. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.00 net.

An interpretation of the meaning and an analysis of the strategy of the battle of Verdun, written as a result of the author's visit to the front. The title is the watchword, created by General Petain, of the French forces. The five chapters composing the book originally appeared as separate articles in the New York *Tribune*.

Education

British Verse for Boys. Selected and Edited by Daniel V. Thompson. New York: Henry Holt & Company.

An anthology covering the work of British poets from Chaucer to Alfred Noyes. There are also "References, Technical and Historical," "Introduction and Notes," and an "Index of Poets, Titles, and First Lines."

Compact Edition of the Whitstock Standard Shorthand System. New York: Whitstock Shorthand Company, Inc. $1.00.

The textbook of a new shorthand system.

The Elements of Style. An Introduction to Literary Criticism. By David Watson Rannie. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50 net.

A study of the meaning and importance of style, with illustrative quotations from famous stylists.

On the Art of Writing. By Arthur Quiller-Couch. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

Lectures delivered during 1913-1914 at the University of Cambridge. The subjects considered are "The Practice of Writing," "On the Difference Between Verse and Prose," "On the Capital Difficulty of Verse," "On Jargon," "On the Capital Difficulty of Prose," "Some Principles Reaffirmed," "On the Lineage of Eng-

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lish Literature," "English Literature in Our Universities," "On Style."

Reaching the Children: A Book for Teachers and Parents. By Henry C. Krebs. With an Introduction by Calvin N. Kendall. New York: The A. S. Barnes Company.

Suggestions in a series of twenty chapters as to points of contact with the child, as through the school library, the playground, industrial training, encouragement, sympathy, etc.

Medicine, Hygiene

The Influence of Joy. By George Van Ness Dearborn. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.00 net.

A presentation of the effect of joy on the human organism. In the *Mind and Health Series.*

Paradoxical Pain. By Robert Maxwell Harbin. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.25 net.

A study of the various phases of pain—physical, mental and spiritual—its influence and benefits.

Business

What Every Business Woman Should Know. A Complete Guide to Business Usages and Requirements with Explanations of Business Terms and Commercial Forms. By Lillian Cecilia Kearney. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. $1.60 net.

A practical reference book arranged in encyclopædic form.

Music

Expression in Singing. A Practical Study of Means and Ends. By H. S. Kirkland. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.

A plan for the development of individuality in singing.

Architecture

Ideal Homes in Garden Communities. A Book of Stock Plans Designed by Francis Pierpont Davis, Walter Swindell Davis, Loyall F. Watson, and Henry R. Davis for the Garden City Company of California. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

Descriptions and architect's perspective views and plans covering a variety of bungalow and two-story houses in Colonial, English, Spanish and other styles of architecture.

Low Cost Suburban Homes. A Book of Suggestions for the Man with the Moderate Purse. Edited by Richardson Wright. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

Plans and pictures of houses which may be built at a moderate cost, with advice in regard to the choice of architect and builder, how to plan a house, and the different kinds of building.

Sports

The Determined Angler and the Brook Trout: An Anthological Volume of Trout Fishing, Trout Histories, Trout Lore, Trout Resorts, and Trout Tackle. By Charles Bradford. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

A second edition, enlarged and illustrated.

Tennis for Women. By Molla Bjurstedt and Samuel Crowther. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

Giving in simple, untechnical language the author's ideas of how the game should be played by women. There is also a chapter on Miss Bjurstedt's career as a tennis player.

Essays, General Literature

Dante. By Jefferson Butler Fletcher. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 50 cents net.

A study of the personality and work of Dante. Volume 101 in the *Home University Library.*

Excerpts from an Egyptian Manuscript. By K. Esryer. Chicago: Privately printed, R. R. Donelley & Sons Company, Lakeside Press. Frontispiece.

The reminiscences and ideas of Tewfix, the astrologer, during the reign of Ramesis the Great.

The Magazine in America. By Algernon Tassin. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $2.00 net.

An informal history of the magazine movement in the United States, from its beginning down to the close of the nineteenth century. The greater part of the work appeared in THE BOOKMAN.

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Public Libraries and Literary Culture in Ancient Rome. By Clarence Eugene Boyd. Chicago: The University Press. $1.00 net.

A study of the history, equipment, contents, management, object, and cultural significance of the Roman public library, giving particular attention to the libraries in Rome during the first one hundred and fifty years of the Empire.

Shakspere: An Address. Delivered on April 23, 1916, in Sanders Theatre at the Request of the President and Fellows of Harvard College. By George Lyman Kittredge. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 50 cents net.

Poetry, Drama

April Airs. A Book of New England Lyrics. By Bliss Carman. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. $1.00 net.

A collection of verses expressing a love for nature.

At the Edge of the World. By Caroline Stern. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.

Verses for the most part lyrical, grouped in three divisions, "The Songs of Motherhood and Childhood," "Poems of Love and Fancy," and a drama in two acts, "The Queen Decides."

A Book of Princeton Verse. 1916. Edited by Alfred Noyes. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $1.25 net.

An anthology composed chiefly of the work of Princeton undergraduates.

Chicago Poems. By Carl Sandburg. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.25 net.

A collection of miscellaneous verses assembled under the headings "Chicago Poems," "Handfuls," "War Poems," "The Road and the End," "Fogs and Fires," "Shadows," "Other Days."

Cowboy Songs, and Other Frontier Ballads. Collected by John A. Lomax. With an Introduction by Barrett Wendell. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company.

A collection of ballads of the pioneers of the southwest never before in print and most of them taken down by the collector from recitation.

The Fledging Bard and the Poetry Society. By George Reginald Margetson. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.

A long satirical poem on many phases of modern life.

The Fooliam. A Satire. With Apologies to Pope and High Priests of Literature. By Edwin Alfred Watrous. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.

A satire on modern life.

Goblins and Pagodas. By John Gould Fletcher. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 75 cents net.

A collection of verses. In *The New Poetry Series.*

Humorous Poems. By Ignatius Brennan. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25 net.

A collection of humourous verses on a variety of themes.

Including You and Me. By Strickland Gillilan. Chicago: Forbes & Company. $1.00 net.

A collection of miscellaneous verses dealing with the ordinary things of life.

Madonna Dianora: A Play in Verse. By Hugo von Hofmannsthal. Translated from the German by Harriet Betty Boas. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 75 cents net.

In *The Contemporary Dramatists Series.*

The Mothers. By Georg Hirschfeld. Translated and with an Introduction by Ludwig Lewisohn. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. 75 cents net.

The translation of a notable German drama. Volume XVIII in the *Drama League Series of Plays.*

The Path of Dreams. By George Marion McClellan. Louisville: John P. Morgan & Company. $1.50.

A small volume of miscellaneous poems by the principal of the Paul Dunbar School for negroes.

Poems. By Najah E. Woodward. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.

A collection of miscellaneous verses.

Poems of War and Peace. Including "The Panama Ode," "The Corridors of Congress," and "The Cost," "Rheims," "The Haunting Face," "Shakespeare," "Embattled France," and other Poems of the Great War. By Robert Underwood Johnson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Punishment: A Play in Four Acts. By Louise Burleigh and Edward Hale Bierstadt. With an Introduction by Thomas Mott Osborne. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.00 net.

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A prison play, dealing with the fallacy of the idea of chastisement as a regenerating force.

The Road to Everywhere. By Glenn Ward Dresback. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.

A collection of short poems which deal with moods of nature and of man, and of the relation of man to nature.

Roads. By Grace Fallow Norton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 75 cents net.

Miscellaneous verses. In *The New Poetry Series.*

The Shakesperiad. Souvenir of the Tercentenary of Shakespeare's Death-day, April 23, 1916. A Dramatic Epos. By Denton J. Snider. St. Louis: Sigma Publishing Company.

The plan of the work is to present Shakespeare's entire work in the action of a poem of which he is the hero.

Some Imagist Poets, 1916. An Annual Anthology. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 75 cents net.

The volume includes selections from the work of Richard Aldington, H. D., John Gould Fletcher, F. S. Flint, D. H. Lawrence, and Amy Lowell. There is also a bibliography.

A Song of the Guns. By Gilbert Frankau. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 50 cents net.

Verses inspired by the war. In *The New Poetry Series.*

Two Plays:—Nothing Else to Do; Caught. By Morris M. Townley. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.

Two short plays in the *American Dramatists Series.*

What is Your Legion? By Grace Fallow Norton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 25 cents net.

A group of poems inspired by the war.

Wind and Weather. By L. H. Bailey. New Pork: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00 net.

A collection of short poems for the most part on the various phases of nature.

The Victory: Poems of Triumph. By Charles Keeler. New York: Laurence J. Gomme. $1.00 net.

A collection of short poems on a variety of themes.

Fiction

The Border Legion. By Zane Grey. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

Portrays the lawless spirit of the border half a century ago. The scenes are laid in a gold mining camp, and the downfall and redemption of the hero through a woman's influence is the theme of the story.

The Breadwinners: A Social Study. By John Hay. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.25 net.

A reprint, now published for the first time under the author's name.

The Bywonner. By F. E. Mills Young. New York: John Lane Company. $1.35 net.

A story of South Africa, in which is contrasted the life of the successful English farmer, the well-to-do Dutch, and the "poor white."

Chapel. The Story of a Welsh Family. By Miles Lewis. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $1.35 net.

A study of the character and careers of two men—father and son.

The Cruise of the Jasper B. By Don Marquis. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.30 net.

A humorous story of a newspaper editor who suddenly acquired a fortune. He bought the *Jasper B* and adventures followed thick and fast.

The Dark Forest. By Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.35 net.

A novel of the Russian Red Cross, written as a result of the author's war experiences in Russia.

A Dominie's Log. By A. S. Neill. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. $1.00 net.

A whimsical account of a young Scottish schoolmaster's experiences and methods in a village school.

The Door of Dread. A Secret Service Romance. By Arthur Stringer. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

A tale of international intrigue, foreign agents and spies, the interest centring about the activities of a young woman connected with the Secret Service.

The Family. By Elinor Mordaunt. New York: John Lane Company. $1.35 net.

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A study of the life of an English country squire and his large family.

Father Bernard's Parish. By Florence Olmstead. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.25 net.

A picture of the life of the people in a New York tenement district. Interest centres about a stormy love affair involving three nationalities.

The Finding of Jasper Holt. By Grace Livingston Hill Lutz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

The romance of an eastern woman and a western man which begins in an exciting railroad wreck.

The Golden Hope. By Grace Sartwell Mason. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

A romance of the west, with scenes laid in the country north of Death Valley and east of the Sierras, built about the struggle of the settlers against land-grabbing thieves and irrigation grafters.

The Home Coming. By Constance Holme. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. $1.40 net.

A story of the return of Luis Huddleston, after many years, to his old home in Westmoreland. A picture of the life of the people there.

The House of War. By Marmaduke Pickthall. New York: Duffield & Company. $1.25 net.

A romance of Turk, Christian, and native in Asia Minor to-day.

I Spy. By Natalie Sumner Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.30 net.

The story deals with German spies at work in Washington. The heroine is the daughter of an inventor, and the interest centres about her efforts to foil attempts to steal her father's invention, an aeroplane camera. Scenes are laid in Europe and Washington.

The King's Men. By John Palmer. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35 net.

A novel showing England's transformation under war-time conditions.

The Little Demon. By Feodor Sologub. Authorised Translation by John Gournos and Richard Aldington. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

A novel of Russian life.

Nan of Music Mountain. By Frank H. Spearman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

A story of primitive life in the west. The love of Nan, a member of an outlaw family, for a man whose life is devoted to exterminating their clan, forms the central theme.

My Lady of the Moor. By John Oxenham. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. $1.35 net.

A romance having a living woman, the author of *Through a Dartmoor Window*, for its heroine. The story centres about her home, which she keeps open for the benefit of those who are ill or discouraged.

The Night Cometh. By Paul Bourget. Translated from the French by G. Frederic Lees. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35 net.

A French military hospital is the scene of the story, and its chief characters are a famous Paris surgeon and a young wounded officer, whose fervent piety is in sharp contrast with the doctor's philosophic materialism.

The Proof of the Pudding. By Meredith Nicholson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

A story of business, romance and mystery, with Indiana for a background.

The Real Motive. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.35 net.

A collection of short stories.

The Red Debt. Echoes from Kentucky. By Everett MacDonald. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A romantic novel picturing life in the mountain regions of Kentucky.

The Road to Mecca. By Florence Irwin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35 net.

The story of a young woman's struggle for social pre-eminence.

Unhappy in Thy Daring. By Marius Lyle. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35 net.

The story of the growing estrangement of husband and wife, carefully nurtured by the wife's sister, who finally oversteps herself and becomes the cause of bringing the unhappy couple into closer companionship than they had known. The scene is laid in Ireland.

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The Round-About. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.

A love story with a setting of English country life, contrasting the ways of two generations.

Seven Miles to Arden. By Ruth Sawyer. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A modern idyll of a girl and a vagabond, with the open country for a background.

The Sign of Freedom. By Arthur Goodrich. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

The story of a boy bound out to a greedy and brutal master, and freed by the outbreak of the Civil War.

Star of the North. By Francis William Sullivan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35 net.

The experiences of a New York moving-picture company in the Canadian wilds, and the romance of the leading man and the daughter of the Hudson Bay Post Factor.

The Strange Cases of Mason Brant. By Nevil Monroe Hopkins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.25 net.

Three episodes in the career of Mason Brant, gentleman detective.

Trial by Fire. A Tale of the Great Lakes. By Richard Matthews Hallet. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Frontispiece. $1.25 net.

A story of life on the Great Lakes oreboats.

A Western Warwick. By Samuel G. Blythe. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.

A story of "behind the scenes" in American politics.

Juvenile

Ice-Boat Number One. By Leslie W. Quirk. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.20 net.

A story of winter sports and pastimes for boys. In *The Wellworth College Series.*

Marooned in the Forest. The Story of a Primitive Fight for Life. By A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

The adventures and experiences of a young man stranded in the northern forests without food, fire, weapons or compass.

Scouting with Kit Carson. By Everett T. Tomlinson. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A story of pioneer life.

Warpath and Hunting Trail. Adventures of Indian Boys. By Elmer E. Gregor. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. 60 cents net.

Stories of boys of many different tribes of the east and west, of adventures and hairbreadth escapes from their enemies, and their hardships and achievements as hunters.

When Mother Lets Us Model. A Book to Teach Children the Use of Clay, Giving Directions for Making Practical Toys and Useful Objects and Graded Suggestions for Artistic Modelling. By Helen Mortimer Adams. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. Illustrated. 75 cents net.

Wild Animal Ways. By Ernest Thompson Seton. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

Animal stories, illustrated with drawings by the author.

History

A History of the Third French Republic. By C. H. C. Wright. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

A history of France from the time of the Franco-Prussian War down to the opening of the present war in 1914, outlining the most important incidents of the period—the Egyptian and Morocco troubles, the Panama scandal, the Dreyfus case, the quarrel with the Church, the growing radicalism of the government parties, etc.

The Irish Orators: A History of Ireland's Fight for Freedom. By Claude G. Bowers. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

A study of the struggles, the personalities and the oratorical genius of notable Irishmen—Henry Flood, Henry Grattan, John Philpot Curran, Lord Plunkett, Robert Emmet, Daniel O'Connell, Thomas Francis Meagher, Isaac Butt, and Charles Stewart Parnell—telling the story of Ireland's fight for freedom from 1760 to the present time.

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Pittsburgh: A Sketch of Its Early Social Life. By Charles W. Dahlinger. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Frontispiece. $1.25 net.

A record of events, institutions, and personalities from the close of the French and Indian War to the early years of the nineteenth century.

Poland. By W. Alison Phillips. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 50 cents net.

A history of Poland. Volume 100 in the *Home University Library*.

With Americans of Past and Present Days. By Jean J. Jusserand. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

The author is the French ambassador to the United States and his book covers phases of our history having a peculiar interest to him as a Frenchman. The work includes chapters on "Rochambeau and the Revolution," "L'Infant and the Federal Capital," "Washington and the French," "Abraham Lincoln;" also a chapter on Horace Howard Furness.

Travel, Description

Black Sheep: Adventures in West Africa. By Jean Kenyon Mackenzie. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

The record of an American girl's life as a mission worker in an African jungle given in a series of letters to her father, the Rev. Robert Mackenzie of New York. The book shows an appreciation of the country and the human appeal of the primitive African people.

By Motor to the Golden Gate. By Emily Post. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

An account of an automobile trip from New York to San Francisco made in twenty-seven days. Details of expenses, of routes, of history, of scenery, and of conditions of roads are given.

Haynes Guide, The Complete Handbook. Yellowstone National Park. Descriptive, Geological, Historical. Compiled by Jack E. Haynes. Thirtieth Annual Edition, Revised and Enlarged. 1916. St. Paul: Haynes. Illustrated. 56 cents.

The Latchstring to Maine Woods and Waters. By Walter Emerson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

A description of Maine and the opportunities for recreation which it offers at all seasons.

A Month in Rome. By Andre Maurel. Authorised English Edition Translated by Helen Gerard. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrations and Maps. $1.75 net.

A guide book to Rome arranged with a programme for each day in the month.

Russian and Nomad. Tales of the Kirghiz Steppes. By E. Nelson Fell. New York: Duffield & Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

Narratives descriptive of the life of the Russians and natives on the Kirghiz Steppes. The author was for a number of years in charge of the works of a large mining company situated in the Kirghiz Steppes on the borderland between Russia and Asia.

Through Glacier Park. Seeing America First with Howard Eaton. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. 75 cents net.

An account of the author's recent trip on horseback through Glacier Park.

The Tourist's Northwest. By Ruth Kedzie Wood. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $1.75 net.

A practical guide book with descriptions and useful information for the traveller to the northwestern States and Canada.

Biography, Memoirs

The Autobiography and Letters of Matthew Vassar. Edited by Elizabeth Hazelton Haight. New York: Oxford University Press. Illustrated. $2.00.

The life and letters of the founder of Vassar College.

The Life of William McKinley. By Charles S. Olcott. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. 2 volumes. $5.00 net.

The authorised biography, based on letters and confidential material.

Samuel W. McCall, Governor of Massachusetts. By Lawrence B. Evans. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

An account of the life and career of the present Governor of Massachusetts.

Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker: An Appreciation. By Helen Knox. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

A review and appreciation of the life and work of the retiring president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

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Woodrow Wilson: The Man and His Work. A Biographical Study. By Henry Jones Ford. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

A survey and appreciation of President Wilson's career.

Nature Books

Birds and Man. By W. H. Hudson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.25.

A study of bird life and of the part which birds play in man's life.

Chronicles of the White Mountains. By Frederick W. Kilbourne. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

A history and description of the White Mountains, including chapters on commercial and tourist developments, and on special picturesque and topographical features.

Let Us Go Afield. By Emerson Hough. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A book of out-of-doors life, with practical advice for campers and sportsmen.

The Trail of the Indoor Outer. By Raymond E. Manchester. Menasha, Wisconsin: George Banta Publishing Company.

An appreciation of nature and out-of-door life.

Under the Apple-Trees. By John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50 net.

A group of essays ranging in subject from biology, philosophy and literature to California nature and the winter birds of Georgia.

Feminism

Civilisation and Womanhood. By Harriet B. Bradbury. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.

In the *Present Day Problems Series.* The work treats of the condition of women in all the great civilisations, going back briefly to prehistoric times and tracing human development to the present time.

Miscellaneous

House Plants, Their Care and Culture. By Hugh Findlay. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

The book tells which plants will thrive best in the house, how to pot them, and how to make them grow and flower.

A Living from Eggs and Poultry. By Herbert W. Brown. New York: Orange Judd Company. Illustrated. 75 cents net.

A narrative of the author's own experiences in the chicken business, and a text-books for the beginner.

Manhood in Its American Type. By Martyne Summerbell. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.

A study of the settlement of America and of the influences which have evolved American character into a type peculiarly its own.

Merry Monologues: A Laugh for Every Day in the Year. By Mary Moncure Parker. Chicago: T. S. Denison & Company. Frontispiece. 75 cents.

A collection of the author's most successful readings, prose and verse.

Lettering. By Thomas Wood Stevens. New York: The Prang Company. Illustrated.

A book designed to be of service to artists, craftsmen and students, aiming to present good standards in styles applicable to many fields of work, together with brief instructions regarding the drawing of letters.

Palmistry for All. Containing New Information on the Study of the Hand Never Before Published. By Cheiro. With a Preface to American Readers. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $1.00.

The Vegetable Garden. By Ralph L. Watts. New York: Outing Publishing Company. 70 cents.

A handbook designed for the gardener with a limited plot of ground. The reader is told what types of vegetables to select, the manner of planting and cultivation, and the returns that may be expected.

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THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of May and the first of June:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York (Uptown)	Bars of Iron	Nan of Music Mountain
New York (Downtown)	The Seed of the Righteous	The Border Legion
Albany, N. Y.	The Border Legion	Seventeen
Atlanta, Ga.	Bars of Iron	The Daredevil
Baltimore, Md.	Just David	Bars of Iron
Birmingham, Ala.	Nan of Music Mountain	Just David
Boston, Mass.	Seventeen	The Bars of Iron
Boston, Mass.	Just David	Cappy Ricks
Buffalo, N. Y.	Just David	Seventeen
Chicago, Ill.	Seventeen	Just David
Chicago, Ill.	Seventeen	The Bent Twig
Cincinnati, Ohio	Seventeen	The Rudder
Dallas, Texas	Life and Gabriella	Seventeen
Denver, Colo.	Just David	Seventeen
Des Moines, Ia.	Under the Country Sky	Just David
Detroit, Mich.	Seventeen	Bars of Iron
Indianapolis, Ind.	The Proof of the Pudding	Seventeen
Jacksonville, Fla.	Just David	Seventeen
Kansas City, Mo.	The Side of the Angels	Dear Enemy
Los Angeles, Cal.	Green Mansions	Behold the Woman!
Los Angeles, Cal.	Nan of Music Mountain	Just David
Louisville, Ky.	Bars of Iron	Nan of Music Mountain
Milwaukee, Wis.	Just David	Nan of Music Mountain
Minneapolis, Minn.	Seventeen	Behold the Woman!
New Haven, Conn.	The Proof of the Pudding	Under the Country Sky
New Orleans, La.	The Fifth Wheel	Mrs. Balfame
Norfolk, Va.	Just David	Behold the Woman!
Philadelphia, Pa.	Just David	Bars of Iron
Philadelphia, Pa.	Seventeen	Bars of Iron
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Seventeen	The Border Legion
Portland, Me.	The Border Legion	Bars of Iron
Providence, R. I.	Nan of Music Mountain	Just David
Rochester, N. Y.	Nan of Music Mountain	Under the Country Sky
St. Louis, Mo.	Just David	Under the Country Sky
St. Louis, Mo.	Seventeen	Just David
St. Paul, Minn.	Seventeen	Just David
San Antonio, Tex.	Seventeen	The Real Adventure
San Francisco, Cal.	Seventeen	The Belfry
San Francisco, Cal.	The Real Adventure	Seventeen
Seattle, Wash.	Just David	Seventeen
Spokane, Wash.	Nan of Music Mountain	Seventeen
Tacoma, Wash.	Nan of Music Mountain	Just David
Toledo, Ohio	Seventeen	Just David
Toronto, Ont.	The First Hundred Thousand	Just David
Utica, N. Y.	Seventeen	Just David
Waco, Tex.	The Real Adventure	Just David
Washington, D. C.	Viviette	The Proof of the Pudding
Washington, D. C.	Just David	The Strange Cases of Mason Brant
Worcester, Mass.	Just David	The Fifth Wheel

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Seventeen	Green Mansions	Just David	The Maelstrom
Proof of the Pudding	Cappy Ricks	Fulfillment	Go Forth and Find
Under the Country Sky	Behold the Woman!	Proof of the Pudding	Finding of Jasper Holt
Nan of Music Mountain	Seventeen	Seed of the Righteous	The Real Adventure
Under the Country Sky	The Bent Twig	Mr. and Mrs. Pierce	The Abyss
Old Judge Priest	The Border Legion	Life and Gabriella	Seventeen
Nan of Music Mountain	The Maelstrom	Just David	Viviette
Proof of the Pudding	Her Husband's Purse	The Border Legion	The Abyss
Destiny	Bars of Iron	Nan of Music Mountain	An Amiable Charlatan
The Daredevil	Nan of Music Mountain	Under the Country Sky	Bars of Iron
Just David	Nan of Music Mountain	Cappy Ricks	Instead of the Thorn
Bars of Iron	Just David	Nan of Music Mountain	The Daredevil
Just David	The Strangers' Wedding	The Real Adventure	The Daredevil
Nan of Music Mountain	Instead of the Thorn	Bars of Iron	The Real Adventure
Nan of Music Mountain	Proof of the Pudding	Destiny	The Border Legion
Nan of Music Mountain	Behold the Woman!	Just David	The Fifth Wheel
Just David	Seed of the Righteous	Under the Country Sky	The Real Adventure
The Real Adventure	Held to Answer	Life and Gabriella	An Amiable Charlatan
A Hilltop on the Marne	The Rudder	Speaking of Operations	First Hundred Thousand
The Real Adventure	Nan of Music Mountain	Proof of the Pudding	Bars of Iron
The Real Adventure	Seed of the Righteous	Bars of Iron	Behold the Woman!
Seventeen	Old Judge Priest	Just David	Destiny
Cappy Ricks	An Amiable Charlatan	The Light that Lies	The Border Legion
Nan of Music Mountain	Just David	The Belfry	Mary Rose of Mifflin
Finding of Jasper Holt	The Border Legion	Seventeen	Just David
The Bent Twig	Life and Gabriella	People Like That	The Return of Dr. Fu-Manchu
The Border Legion	People Like That	Seed of the Righteous	Vindication
Seventeen	Under the Country Sky	Finding of Jasper Holt	Her Husband's Purse
Behold the Woman!	The Daredevil	The Fifth Wheel	The Border Legion
Children of Hope	Just David	Behold the Woman!	Green Mansions
Seventeen	Nan of Music Mountain	The Phantom Herd	Held to Answer
The Border Legion	Finding of Jasper Holt	Bars of Iron	Under the Country Sky
Just David	Seed of the Righteous	Seventeen	The Daredevil
The Three Things	The Bent Twig	Patience Worth	Bars of Iron
Fulfillment	Viviette	Bars of Iron	Under the Country Sky
The Real Adventure	The Bent Twig	Nan of Music Mountain	Life and Gabriella
Behold the Woman!	Prudence of the Parsonage	Just David	Bars of Iron
Bars of Iron	Nan of Music Mountain	The Yellow Dove	Fulfillment
Life and Gabriella	Drusilla with a Million	Just David	The Return of Dr. Fu-Manchu
Nan of Music Mountain	Held to Answer	Drusilla with a Million	People Like That
Just David	The Fifth Wheel	The Rainbow Trail	Dear Enemy
The Real Adventure	The Hunted Woman	Held to Answer	The Daredevil
Bars of Iron	The Belfry	Under the Country Sky	Life and Gabriella
Bars of Iron	Held to Answer	Seventeen	Mons to Ypres
Under the Country Sky	Nan of Music Mountain	Finding of Jasper Holt	Behold the Woman!
Life and Gabriella	The Eternal Magdalene	Seventeen	The Fifth Wheel
Bars of Iron	Mr. and Mrs. Pierce	Old Judge Priest	The Strange Cases of Mason Brant
Seventeen	The Belfry	Dear Enemy	Life and Gabriella
Bars of Iron	The Border Legion	Finding of Jasper Holt	Proof of the Pudding

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BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

The First Hundred Thousand. Hay.
Eat and Grow Thin. Thompson.
Fear God and Take Your Own Part. Roosevelt.
Androcles and The Lion: Overruled: Pygmalion. Shaw.
On Being Human. Wilson.
Speaking of Operations. Cobb.
The Pentecost of Calamity. Wister.
Charles Francis Adams: An Autobiography.
Spoon River Anthology. Masters.
We. Lee.
How to Live. Fisher and Fiske.
The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 566 and 567) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any lists	receives	10
" " "	2d	" " "	"	8
" " "	3d	" " "	"	7
" " "	4th	" " "	"	6
" " "	5th	" " "	"	5
" " "	6th	" " "	"	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Just David. Porter. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25	311
2. Seventeen. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.35	287
3. Nan of Music Mountain. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.35	190
4. Bars of Iron. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.50.	162
5. The Border Legion. Grey. (Harper.) $1.35	85
6. Under the Country Sky. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.)	84

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